



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



43. 843.





**LEGENDS, LYRICS,**

**AND**

**OTHER POEMS.**



# LEGENDS, LYRICS,

AND

Other Poems.



BY B. SIMMONS.



"Un dì si venne a me Melanconia,  
E disse: voglio un poco stare teco;  
E parve a me che si menasse seco  
Dolor ed Ira per sua compagnia.

DANTE, *Rime*, Son. xxiv.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,

EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

MDCCCXLIII.

LONDON:  
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

TO

PROFESSOR WILSON,

**This Volume**

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF REVERENCE AND ESTEEM,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



## CONTENTS.

### LEGENDS.

	PAGE
THE PEAK OF DARRA . . . . .	3
JULIA . . . . .	13
THE SERENADER . . . . .	18
THE DOOM OF THE MIRROR . . . . .	22
THE FLIGHT TO CYPRUS . . . . .	29
THE SUIT OF THE MINSTREL . . . . .	35
THE BROTHERS' REVENGE . . . . .	39
THE VISION OF CALIGULA . . . . .	50
THE CAPTIVE OF GHENT . . . . .	67
THE GERMAN PILGRIM . . . . .	73
THE CURSE OF GLENCOE . . . . .	79

### LYRICS.

ON DAVID'S SKETCH OF NAPOLEON ASLEEP . . . . .	99
TO A FOREST-GIRL . . . . .	103
ODE ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND . . . . .	105

	PAGE
LINES IN SHELLEY'S POEMS . . . . .	112
THE SWORD OF THE LAST CONSTANTINE . . . . .	115
"I SAW HER BUT ONCE" . . . . .	118
STANZAS SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO MADAME-MERE . . . . .	120
A RECOLLECTION OF MALIBRAN . . . . .	124
CHARLES-EDWARD AFTER CULLODEN . . . . .	127
SKETCH IN THE OLD BAILEY . . . . .	131
ON A PORTRAIT BY CHALON . . . . .	134
DEATH-CHANT FOR THE SULTAN MAHMOUD . . . . .	136
LINES—UPON LETTERS . . . . .	141
"TAKE AWAY THAT FAIR GOBLET!" . . . . .	145
OFF USHANT . . . . .	147
TO AN EMIGRANT LADY . . . . .	153
ODE ON THE CEREMONIAL AT WINDSOR 25TH JAN. 1842 . . . . .	158
IN AN ALBUM TO WHICH L. E. L. HAD BEEN A CONTRIBUTOR. . . . .	166
FANCIES ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER . . . . .	168
THE DISINTERMENT . . . . .	173

---

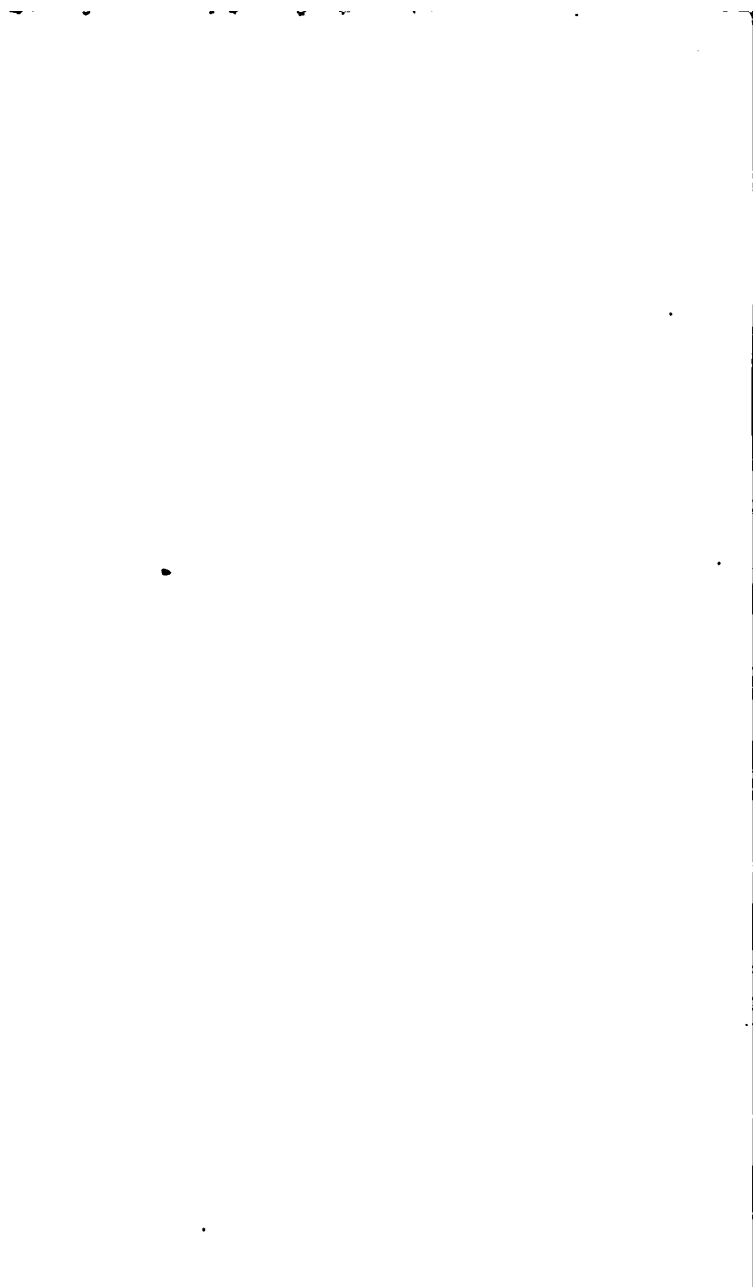
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO A PORTRAIT . . . . .	185
VIEW ON THE HUDSON . . . . .	188
TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF XENOPHON . . . . .	192

# CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
A VIGIL . . . . .	201
TO *** . . . . .	203
SONG OF A RETURNED EXILE. . . . .	205
IN AN ALBUM . . . . .	209
TO A LADY READING "THE PRISONER OF CHILLON" IN PREFERENCE TO "CHILDE HAROLD" . . . . .	212
MOUNTAIN MEMORIES . . . . .	215
MORNING . . . . .	222
DEPARTURE . . . . .	230
TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL . . . . .	232
FUNCHEON WOODS . . . . .	234
NOCMELEDOON . . . . .	239
TO A LOVER OF FLOWERS . . . . .	251
"A HEALTH TO THEE!" . . . . .	253



**THE larger portion of the Verses in this Volume is republished  
from Blackwood's Magazine.**



## LEGENDS.



## THE PEAK OF DARRA.

### PART I.

---

GAUNT Peak of Darra ! lifting to the sky  
Thy height scorched barren by the howling North—  
Still dash the tempest, as it hurtles by,  
From that jagged rampart obdurately forth !  
Still let the growing Thunder o'er thee brood,  
Gath'ring from each stray cloud its sulphurous food,  
Till in some midnight of oppressive June,  
When down the ocean drops th' affrighted Moon—  
Out bursts the horror—brattling wide, and rending  
Each lesser mountain with a single blow ;  
Whilst thou unscarred, unstaggered, hear'st descending  
The loosened ruin on the Vale below.

Fair be the memory of that dreaming Valley !  
A tiny strip of green and sparkling turf ;  
Sparkling and green for ever with the sally  
Of one abounding streamlet's silver surf,

Bubbling away amid the solid blocks—  
That wall'd the glen—of everlasting rocks,  
Within whose fastnesses the Peasant's cot  
Glanced here and there, a solitary spot.  
Whether mid-winter or soft May was reigning,  
That crag-girt valley like an infant smiled  
By giants watched—supremely o'er it leaning,  
Wedging the sky, thy Peak, huge Darra wild !

O, soaring Peak ! as now I watch at eve  
The rising stars rest on thee one by one,  
In their bright journey upwards, thought would cleave  
(Boldly as thou) the mist reposing on  
The track-ways of a past and pleasant time,  
When up thy rifted height were seen to climb  
Two white-robed children, gladsome sparkling things—  
As stars that bless thee with their visitings,  
A gentle pair—The little Maiden's eyes  
Borrowing the blue of their unclouded gleam,  
The Boy, his laugh of beautiful surprise,  
From that deep Valley's ever-jocund stream.

Kindred in love, though not in race, were they—  
From separate homes amid those humble walls

That stud the glen, they came each holiday  
    To weave together wild-flower coronals,  
And, hand in hand, (the bolder-hearted boy  
Cheering his partner's steps of timid joy,  
Oft pausing to recruit her efforts weak,)  
To clamber up and up the desolate Peak,  
And hang their chaplets on its topmost stone,  
    The nearest to the moon ; then crouching, weary,  
Laugh down the day upon that granite-throne,  
    Till evening's breeze blew chillingly and dreary.

Months rolled to years, and still the girl and lad  
    Sought in their constancy the cliff's huge crest.  
And while the Lark—sole rival that they had—  
    (That Star of noontide with the glistening breast !)—  
Twinkled below them, their undoubting looks  
Perused wild legends and romantic books,  
Such splendid tales as Eastern climes supply,  
That sound more strange beneath a sullen sky,  
And much they lingered over Crusoe's page,  
    Turning in comment to the horizon's brim ;  
Watching, as watched the world-divided sage,  
    Each disappearing sail, and pitying him.

Within the shelter of that sterile hill

Nor shadowy bower nor arching grove was seen,  
Their only song the warbling of the rill,

The bank that bordered it their only green ;  
And so their childhood, ripening into youth,  
Made play-ground, bower, and trysting-place, in sooth,  
Of that precipitous crag, where o'er them bent,  
As if in love, the lonely firmament ;  
Until the stars from ocean's azure field

Familiar friends to PAUL and BERTHA grew—  
Till the cloud-scattering Eagle, as he wheeled  
Against the sun, their very voices knew.

Gentle but wealthless was their parents' lot,

And youth's gay idlesse may not always last ;  
The Boy has vanished from his native cot,  
The Maiden's shadow from the stream has past,  
Like one pure rill that sudden shocks divide  
In separate channels, they have parted wide,  
To seek and fret their way into the main,  
But till they reach it never meet again.  
Yet long as Memory's trembling hand unrolls

To them the records of Life's early day,  
Gray Cliff of Darra ! thou upon their souls  
Hast left a shade that shall not pass away.

PART II.

---

How many a winter has Orion glistened  
    To hear the tempest crash on Darra head—  
How many a maid at summer eve has listened  
    By the meek streamlet for her Lover's tread,  
Since PAUL departed—since beneath the gleam  
Of BERTHA's eyes more gladly gushed the stream,  
Since in the world's estranging crowd engrossed  
Each had all traces of the other lost !  
How fare they now ? has the distracted current  
    Of their vext lives—so wide asunder sent—  
Lost the sweet music of that early torrent  
    Of love and joy in which their childhood blent ?

The day is burning over India's land !  
    Lo, tall white fane and colonnaded hall,  
And glorious dome, like glittering frostwork, stand  
    Amid the noontide of superb Bengal.  
No balm-fraught breeze as yet is floating there,  
To cool the fervid suffocating air,

The palms that lift their light green tufts so high  
Seem solid emerald carved upon the sky :  
No sound is heard that Land's luxuriance through ;  
    The mighty River, glowing in the trance,  
Fringed with bright palaces sleeps broadly blue,  
    Untouched by oar throughout its vast expanse !

At such an hour, within a stately room,  
    Through whose silk screens and open lattices  
Struggled the freshness of the Mat's perfume,  
    Lay beauty sinking under slow disease.  
Dusk-featured slaves like spectres watched the doors,  
And mournful women o'er the marble floors  
Gliding, with folded arms, in silence gazed  
Where, on a couch of downiest pillows raised,  
The Lady of that proud pavilion lay ;  
    While on her broad and yet unwrinkled brow,  
And purest cheek consuming fast away,  
    Keen Fever reddened and Delirium now.

Oh, who could mark, untouched by grief and fear,  
    The glassy brightness of that sufferer's eye !  
Its large full orb, unmoistened by a tear,  
    Fixed wide and sleepless upon vacancy.

The last paroxysm of that fiery mood  
Had passed and left her—strength and sense subdued—  
Wandering in intellect and speech—outworn  
As sea-beat Bark of helm and star forlorn ;  
No quick restorative—no subtle skill

Of Leech or Pharmacy remained untried—  
Their art exerted to be baffled still,  
The smooth physicians even had left her side.

'Twas then, when failed all wealth and life afford,  
A Hindoo Girl stood forth that hopeless hour,  
(Like her who, to the Syrian Leper-lord,  
Proclaimed the Prophet's sanatory power ;)  
And told how, in the neighbouring city dwelt—  
In the same home where she a child had knelt—  
A man from Land, 'twas thought beyond the seas,  
In magic versed and healing mysteries,  
A traveller he, now waiting to depart

With the first sail that swelled for Europe's shore,  
Would he were summoned that his wond'rous art  
Her Lady's dread disorder might explore !

No voice responsive a reproof showed—  
E'en as she spoke a messenger had flown,

For the fond slaves of that serene abode

    Their early-widowed mistress served, alone.

The summoned stranger came: a grave-eyed Man,

Travel or Time had touched his temples wan,

Deepening his gracious features; but the lamp

Of Thought shone there that no decay can damp.

Little inquiry of th' attendant throng,

    To the sick chamber guiding him, he made,

But entering there, with deep emotion, long

    That Lady's aspect silently surveyed.

On the hot azure of her aching eyes

    His shadow fell, but she regarded not,—

He touched the pillows where her fair head lies,

    Nor stirred its drooping from that downy spot,—

He pressed her passive hand, but from his own

Released, it dropped down heavily as stone.

The breathing only of her parted lips

Showed life not wholly in its last eclipse,

And a faint tone or broken word, that stole

    In foreign accents from her tongue at times,

Broken but sweet—as when a breeze will roll

    Upon your ear the vesper's distant chimes.

Long did he look—long listen— and if firm

The heart of him who copes with death should be,  
—That dark-eyed man—slight title to the term

Of stern chirurgeon or of sage had he ;  
For his lip quivered, and some feeling prest  
With a convulsive tumult through his breast,  
And twice he went his throbbing brow to lean  
Against the fresh air at the lattice-screen.

Bending, at length, unto her vacant ear,

As if some potent spell-word he would speak,  
“ Dear one ! ” he said, in tend’rest accents clear—

“ Rememberest thou cold Darra’s distant Peak ? ”

Some change like that which shakes an exile’s sleeping

When mournful music his lost home recalls——  
Or thrills the famished Arab when the leaping

He hears afar of rocky waterfalls——  
Was seen to lighten through that Lady’s frame,  
And slowly, sob by sob, volition came,  
Along her brow she passed her lifted hand,  
As if to free some overtightened band ;  
Then all at once, as from a sultry heaven

Sweeps in an instant the collected rain,  
The loosened waters of the fountain riven,  
Rushed in wild tears from her long-clouded brain.

Mysterious Memory !—by what silver Key,  
     Through years of silence tuneless and unshaken,  
 Can thy sweet touch, forgotten melody  
     In the dim Spirit once again awaken ?  
 Long fell the freshness of those tears, and fast,  
 Melting to slumber on her lids at last.  
 So waned the night, and with the morning came  
 Healing and hope to her recruited frame,  
 And day by day that STRANGER watched, unfolding  
     Fair o'er her head, the rose of second youth,  
 E'en with the joy he felt of old, beholding  
     Her girlhood blossom into grace and truth.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

In the stern shade of Darra's northern peak  
     A summer-bower has risen like a dream,  
 From whose white porch, when Evening's rosy cheek  
     Rests on yon crag above the dancing stream,  
 Two pensive friends, at times, are seen to glide,  
 Winding together up the mountain-side,  
 With looks less radiant and with steps more slow  
 Than when they trode it long, long years ago :  
 But steadfast light of calmer joy is round them,  
     And PAUL and BERTHA therefore come to bless,  
 In the old haunts where first Affection bound them,  
     Their lot of later, holier happiness.

## JULIA.



### I.

PROUD the Palazzo was, a fit abode  
The constant music of bright feet to win,  
Blue the Italian heavens above it glowed,  
Italian painting shed its heaven within :  
Through the warm halls cold tempering grace was thrown,  
Where calm white gods stood round in breathing stone,  
And mid green gardens silvery fountains gushing  
Moaned to the breeze through myrtle thickets rushing.

### II.

And JULIA sat, at Evening's silent hour,  
Beneath its soft and melancholy star,  
Where the acacias of her summer-bower  
Flung their faint shadows o'er the lake afar ;

Alone she sat—all heavily the tender  
Droop of her eyes concealed their glances' splendour :  
Well might the volume at her feet explain  
That Petrarch woo'd those listless looks in vain.

## III.

What sound can thus her greyhound rouse ?

What footsteps break the lulled air ?

Who crashes through the cedar-boughs ?

Who bursts upon the Muser there ?

Oh none need ask, with eyes to see

That youth's wild look of fervency

Who, dashing from his eager brow

The cap and plume his face concealing,

And flinging wide his mantle now,

Before that frightened Fair is kneeling—

Oh none need ask who haps to hear

His tones—that dark-eyed cavalier !

## 1.

“ The war—the war—Beloved !—the war

That kept my soul from thee,

Has ceased—the Crescent's dwindled star

Is dim, and Greece is free !

From Navarino's waves we turned  
Our barks in triumph home——  
How many a weary year I've yearned  
For this glad hour!—'tis come.

## 2.

“ Here in this bright, blest, lonely spot,  
Where last our looks were parted  
In agony,—now, now forgot!—  
We meet, the faithful-hearted.  
I've won the wealth for which thy sire  
Bade me go seek the main ;  
Lo ! at his hand I now require  
My promised bride again.

## 3.

“ But I am wild—why droop those eyes  
Whose deep delicious ray  
So often here made night's sweet dyes  
Diviner far than day ?  
Ay—there, that glorious glance has given  
My pulse the thrill it knew  
In long-lost years——By yonder Heaven,  
Thou 'rt truest of the true ! ”

## IV.

If the chill marble Nymph that lay reposing  
Among the statues of that radiant place  
Leaped to its feet—its vacant eyes unclosing—  
And looked that fiery lover in the face ;  
Its look had more of life—had less of death  
Than hers who, slowly, with long in-drawn breath,  
Arising, passed her hand before her eyes,  
And with one killing shriek cleft the blue summer-skies.

## V.

“ Mother—my mother ! ” a faint silvery tone  
Of pain and sweetness through the alleys spoke ;  
And with an angel’s shining hair, anon  
A child all wildly to their presence broke,  
A fairy girl—who at that Lady’s knee  
Cried with clasped hands, “ Mother, what aileth thee ? ”

## VI.

At once to bosom and to brow flew back  
The blood that, choking, ebbd upon her heart ;  
And with a voice that, through life’s dreary track,  
Will haunt his ears, that Mourner said, “ Depart—

Depart!" and duty for a while grew strong ;  
But the chord snaps when overstrained too long—  
" This child," she cried, " this child will tell it all ! "  
And fell to earth as smitten dove may fall.

## VII.

What need of words ?—In Transatlantic strife,  
Where the red Indian with Columbia copes,  
CAMILLO early staked his desperate life,  
And lost it little later than his hopes.  
Nor long did JULIA linger—though awhile  
She bore her lot with that calm mournful smile  
The cheek puts on to mask the heart's despair ;  
—How white we build the tomb to hide the havoc there !

## THE SERENADER.

---

### I.

SWEET solemn Venice ! o'er thee fade  
Eve's latest hues of glory,  
While by yon shadowy colonnade  
Near Balbi's palace hoary,  
A youth, with passion-kindled lip,  
And Taste's harmonious hand,  
Must still devoted vigil keep  
Invoking beauty bland.

“ Appear, my ladye-love, appear—  
Look from thy latticed bower,  
And bless his sight who watches here  
The livelong twilight hour.  
The stars are out, and why shouldst thou,  
My peerless One, delay  
To flash upon me from thy brow  
A far diviner ray ?

“ But others gaze upon thee now,  
And drink thy glorious smile,  
And make thy spirit mindless how  
Mine maddens here the while.  
Ah, truant, why should their dull praise  
My sacred hour consume ?  
Look forth, and with one gracious gaze  
Make gladness of my gloom !

“ Lo ! jealous eye and ear are far—  
And fast the evening flies ;  
Then loiter not, thou lovely star,  
Young Moon of beauty rise !  
Or is thy faith, like flower-spray, broke,  
And ”——  
God ! that leaping start !  
Keen, sudden, home—the poniard’s stroke  
Has split his very heart !

While on the air his song yet gushes,  
Life’s stifled fountain stops ;  
Dead on the rebeck that he crushes,  
The young Battista drops.

And ere his murderer's skulking shade  
Has left the moonbeam bare,  
Damp in the soiling dust are laid  
Those curls of chestnut hair.

## II.

Forth from her bower the maiden wended  
At love's victorious call,  
Where broad the marble steps descended  
Upon the blue canal :  
A sudden brightness with her bringing,  
As though from out the main  
Its light the vanished day was flinging  
Through sunset's gate again.

" By yonder shaft he leans to hide,  
The proud impatient boy—  
I'll steal upon his song !" she cried,  
In girlhood's rosy joy.  
And glancing on, like cushat fleet,  
She gained the sad moonshine :  
She stumbles—ah, those wingèd feet  
Are red—" but not with wine."

•

One look—in pity leave her there,  
    To madness and the moon ;  
A sweet lute shivered by Despair,  
    With every string in tune—  
A glorious bud from vernal earth,  
    Snapt as its bloom was blown—  
A Grace in Beauty's bounding mirth,  
    Struck instantly to stone.

## THE DOOM OF THE MIRROR.

---

### I.

FAIR Judith Lee—a woeful pair,  
Were steed and rider weary,  
When, winding down from mountains bare,  
By crag and fastness dreary,  
I first beheld her—where the path  
Resigned its sterner traces  
In a green depth of woods, like Wrath  
Subdued by Love's embraces.

### II.

By the oak-shadowed well she stood,  
Her rounded arms uplifted,  
To bind the curls whose golden flood  
Had from its fillets drifted,

Whilst stooping o'er the fount to fill  
The rustic urn beside her,  
Her face to evening's beauty still  
Imparting beauty wider.

## III.

She told me of the road I missed—  
Gave me to drink—and even,  
At parting, waved the hand she kissed,  
White as a star in heaven ;  
*But never smiled*—though prompt and warm  
I paid, in duteous phrases,  
The tribute that so fair a form  
From minstrel ever raises.

## IV.

The gladness murmured to her cheek,  
Unfolded not its roses—  
That bluest morn will never break  
That in her eye reposes.  
Some gentle woe, with dovelike wings,  
Had o'er her cast a shadow,  
Soft as the sky of April flings  
Upon a vernal meadow.

## v.

In vain, with venial art, to sound  
The springs of that affliction,  
I hinted of my *craft*—renowned  
For omen and prediction ;  
In vain assuming mystic power,  
Her fortune to discover,  
I guessed its golden items o'er,  
And closed them with—a *lover*.

## vi.

It failed for once—that final word—  
A maiden's brow to brighten,  
The cloud within her soul unstirred,  
Refused to flash or lighten.  
She felt and thanked the artifice,  
Beneath whose faint disguising  
I would have prompted hope and peace,  
With accents sympathizing.

## vii.

But no—she said (the while her face  
A summer-wave resembled,  
Outsparkling from some leafy place,  
Then back to darkness trembled)—

For her was neither living hope  
Nor loving heart allotted,  
Joy had but drawn her horoscope  
For Sorrow's hand to blot it.

## VIII.

Her words made silvery stop—for lo!  
Peals of sweet laughter ringing!  
And through the wood's green solitudes  
Glad village-damsels winging!  
As though that mirth some feeling jarred,  
The maiden, pensive-hearted,  
Murmured farewell, and through the dell  
In loneliness departed.

## IX.

With breeze-tossed locks and gleaming feet  
And store of slender pitchers,  
O'er the dim lawns, like rushing fawns,  
Came the fair Water-fetchers;  
And there, while round that well's gray oak,  
Cluster'd the sudden glory,  
Fair Judith Lee, from guileless lips  
I heard thy simple story.

## X.

Of humble lot—the legends wild  
Believed by that condition,  
Had mingled with her spirit mild  
Their haunting superstition,  
Which grew to grief, when o'er her youth  
The doom descended, spoken  
On those who see beneath their touch  
The fatal Mirror broken.

## XI.

"NEVER IN LIFE TO PROSPER MORE,"  
And so, from life sequestered,  
With dim forebodings brooding o'er  
The shafted fate that festered  
Deep in the white depths of her soul,  
The patient girl awaited  
Ill's viewless train—her days to pain  
And duty consecrated.

## XII.

At times she deemed the coming woe  
Through others' hearts would reach her,  
Till every tie that twined her low,  
Upon the lap of Nature

Her once-loved head unwatched, unknown  
Should sink in meek dejection,  
Hushed as some Quiet carved in stone  
Above entombed affection.

## XIII.

E'en her young heart's instinctive want  
To be beloved and loving,  
Inexorably vigilant,  
She checked with cold reproving.  
For still she saw, should tempests frown,  
That treacherous anchor sever,  
And Hope's whole priceless freight go down  
A shipwrecked thing for ever.

## XIV.

So pined that gracious form away,  
Her bliss-fraught life untasted ;  
A breeze-harp whose divinest voice  
On lonely winds is wasted.  
And such the tale to me conveyed  
In laughing tones or lowly,  
As still that rosy crowd was swayed  
By mirth or melancholy.

## xv.

I've seen since then the churchyard nook,  
Where Judith Lee lies sleeping ;  
The wild ash loves it, and a brook  
Through emerald mosses creeping :  
For that lost maiden ever there  
A low sweet mass is singing,  
While all around, like nuns at prayer,  
Pale water-flowers are springing.

## xvi.

Poor Girl !—I've thought, as there reclined,  
I drank the sunset's glory——  
Thy tale to meditative mind  
Is but an allegory ;  
Once shatter *inborn Truth* divine,  
The soul's transparent mirror,  
Where Heaven's reflection loved to shine,  
And what remains but terror ?

## xvii.

Terror and Woe ;——Faith's holy face  
No more our hearts relieving——  
Fades from the past each early grace  
The future brings but grieving ;

However fast life's blessings fall  
In lavish sunshine o'er us,  
That Broken Glass distorts them all,  
Whose fragments glare before us.

---

## THE FLIGHT TO CYPRUS.

## I.

DE VERRE has loosed from Ascalon—Judea's holy gale,  
Fresh with the spikenard's evening scent, is rustling in his sail ;  
A victor he to Normandy ploughs homeward through the brine,  
Herald and harp shall laud him long for deeds in Palestine.

## II.

How gallantly, as night comes down upon the Syrian seas,  
The Bel Marie all canvas crowds to catch the springing breeze !  
A prosperous course be hers !—the spears above her poop that gleam  
Have flashed ere now, like stars I trow, on Siloa's solemn stream.

## III.

Precious the freight that proud bark bears—the ransom and the  
    spoil  
Reaped from Mahound's blaspheming crew on many a field of toil :

Large lustrous cups—Kathay's bright robes—the diamond's  
living rays—

Carpets from Tyre, whose costly fire for kings alone should blaze :

## IV.

And worth them all, that Fairest One, whose tresses' sunny  
twine,

Far down unrolled, outshames the gold of tawny India's mine ;  
When stormed the Cross round Gaza's fosse, all bright, but  
faithless, she

Fled from her Emir-spouse, De Vere's light paramour to be.

## V.

And now, when sultry day is done, her languid brow to cool,  
Soft couched upon the curtained deck reclines the Beautiful ;  
Voluptuous in repose as she who, 'mid the Ægean Isles,  
Rose radiant from the frowning deep she dazzled into smiles.

## VI.

Fast by that lady's pillow sits the passionate De Vere,  
Now dimming with his doating kiss the glory of her hair ;  
Or watching till their sleepy lids her eyes' blue languish veil—  
Or murmuring on her lips of rose fond love's untiring tale.

## VII.

Yet restless all is her repose, no solace can she find ;  
The press of canvas overhead hoarse groaning in the wind—  
The cordage-strain—the whistling shrouds—De Vere's devoted  
words—  
All things, or soft or sullen, now disturb her spirit's chords.

## VIII.

" In vain thy love would lull my ear, thou flattering knight, for  
whom  
I faithless fled my lord and land !—methinks that, through the  
gloom,  
Some fearsome Genie's mighty wings are shadowing my soul,  
Black as the clouds and waters now that round about us roll."

## IX.

" Ah, cheer thee, Sweet,—'tis but the rude and restless billows'  
heaving,  
That frets thy frame of tenderest mould with weariness and  
grieving ;  
'Twill vanish soon : when mounts the moon at midnight from  
the sea,  
Sweet Cyprus, with its rosy rocks high shining on our lee,

## X.

"Shall see us anchored—if the truth our Moorish pilot tell,  
Who, since we weighed, has steered for us so steadily and well.  
E'en now I go to track below our bearings by the chart ;—  
With freight like thee can I be free from wistfulness of heart ?"

## XI.

De Vere is gone. His silent crew from all the decks above,  
Descend, lest even a murmur mar the slumbers of his Love ;  
Yon aged Moor, who, spectre-like, still at the rudder stands,  
Yon stripling, stationed at the prow, are all the watching hands.

## XII.

Pavilion-screened, from her soft couch how oft that Lady bright  
Raised, like an evening-star, her head, and looked upon the night,  
Praying the tardy moon to rise—and through the shadows dim,  
Encountering but that spectral form beside the rudder grim.

## XIII.

The Moon at last !—blood-red and round, she wheeleth up the  
wave,  
Soaring and whitening like a soul ascending from the grave ;  
Then riseth too the Beauty-browed, and quits with gentlest motion  
Her tent's festoons,—two rival Moons at once upon the ocean.

## XIV.

O Queen of Quiet—thou who winn’st our adoration still,  
As when a wondering world bowed down on thine Ephesian hill!—  
Stainless thyself, impart thy calm and purifying grace  
To her, the stained one, watching thee with her resplendent face !

## XV.

The breeze has dropped—the soundless sails are flagging one  
by one ;  
While in his cabin still De Vere the parchment pores upon ;  
Sudden a shriek—a broken groan, his ear have smitten—hark !  
That laughing yell !—sure fiends from hell are hailing to the Bark !

## XVI.

He gains the deck—the spot where last idolatrous he stood,  
Is crossed by some dark horrid thing—a narrow creeping flood ;  
Great Heaven forbid !—but where’s the heart from whence it  
gushed ?—for now  
The decks contain no form but that stone-stiff beside the prow.

## XVII.

Stone-stiff—half life, half death—it stands with hideous terror  
dumb,  
And bristling hair, and striving still for words that will not come ;

Speak thou—speak thou, who from the prow kept watch along  
the water,  
And kill thy lord with one dread word of Gaza's glorious  
daughter !

## XVIII.

He told at last, that as he turned, what time the breeze had died,  
To rouse his mates—far at the stern, the lady he espied,  
Star-watching there: and by the helm, with eyes coal-blazing—him  
In semblance of THE EVIL ONE, their Moorish pilot grim,

## XIX.

Who stole to her, before that boy could cross himself for grace,  
His turban doff'd, then touch'd her arm, and stared her in the  
face—  
That furnace-stare !—her scorched head drooped—a flash—at  
once she fell—  
Next moment he had plunged with her beneath the billows' swell !

## XX.

Where olive-groves their shadows fling from Cyprus' musky shore,  
The Bel Marie high stranded lies, to plough the waves no more ;  
And day by day, far, far away, in Rouen's aisles I ween,  
Down-broken, like that stately bark, a mournful monk is seen.

## THE SUIT OF THE MINSTREL.

---

WHAT a dream of delight ! while young Victor was wooing  
Proud Constance, sole heiress of Bernard of Bonn—  
In that tenderest of times, when the vintage is viewing  
Its deep shadows glow, where the Rhine rushes on.

Superb as a cloud in the sunset, that maiden  
With her eyes of broad blackness and luminous cheek—  
Heard the tale, low and sweet, like a breeze odour-laden,  
That fevered the frail lip of Victor to speak.

Fond haunter of moon-brightened hills !—the sweet merit  
Of his country's wild Magi—the minstrels of old—  
Had filled with an early enchantment his spirit,  
Till it mastered the Art they melodiously told.

Long unheard in his heart lay the gift unawaking  
Till Constance rose suddenly bright on his way ;  
Then the songs of his soul sounded out, like the shaking  
Of those chords that salute, in the Desert, the day.

And the lone poet's praise, to that lady so peerless,  
Grew essential as dew to the lily's hot life—  
And she won him to mix with the festive and fearless  
In the joust or the revel's magnificent strife.

The enthusiast yielded ; and far from the mountains  
Whose blue shadows' softness grew up in his soul,  
He came—'mid the crowd thronging luxury's fountains,  
The wealth of his wasted existence to roll.

Of the gallants her steps' fairy music attending,  
Was Victor for ever in fervency first ;  
With his harp's inspiration immortally blending  
The visions his daring idolatry nurst.

And her triumph to Constance fresh glory was bringing,  
From her eyes more victoriously darted the day,  
As Time, through her life's cloudless atmosphere winging,  
At her feet saw that youth, with his lyre and his lay.

She would linger—would listen—her full heart's expressions  
To that slave in one glance's dark volley conveyed ;  
And she loved him to sing of the lofty concessions  
That maidens high-born unto minstrels have made.

Yet, guarded in guile, from her lips ruby-burning,  
The *one* word so watched for by love never fell :  
Poor Minstrel, no passion thy passion returning,  
Shall ever the clouds closing o'er thee dispel !

(Oh ! as bud in the blight be the lip of the woman,  
Who, to wing the dull moments in indolence past,  
Can foster with flattery cold and inhuman  
Some heart's noble hopes but to break it at last !)

'Twas when Victor was loudest, by lance and lute vaunting  
His mistress unmatched from the Rhine to the Rhone—  
While his lode-star of life was her aspect enchanting—  
That she wedded her kinsman, Count Hugh of Cologne.

Fly now to the haunts of thy boyhood, thou dreamer !  
This truth like the hunter's keen shaft in thy brain—  
That trampled and mocked by one idolized schemer,  
Thou, at least, hast no fierier hell-cup to drain !

His darkness came down with no softening gradation,  
On the noon of his life it was instantly night—  
'Twas the thunderbolt killing with swift desolation,  
In its greenness and glory, the pine of the height.

Yet think not that Constance triumphantly wended  
In bliss as in beauty her heartless career—  
The voice of that wronged uncomplaining ONE, blended  
With the breeze, was at midnight a curse to her ear.

When proudly before her the banquet was blazing,  
And nobles pledged high to her beauty—her eyes  
Ever saw, as through clouds, on a lonely hearth gazing,  
A pale withered man like a spectre to rise.

In Cologne's bannered aisles, Countess Constance is sleeping,  
And leagues far away, by a blue river's side,  
Over Victor's green turf silent Evening is weeping—  
May their souls at the Judgment not sever as wide !

## THE BROTHERS' REVENGE.

---

### I.

UPON her couch of death—as pale  
She lay—and delicately frail  
As the white spray, by ocean's war  
Flung up—that shoreward drifts afar  
In one pure, lovely, languid streak,  
To kiss some quiet beach and break.  
Way-soiled and travel-wearied, WE  
Stood round that bed, her brothers three ;  
Each in the harness, or the garb,  
He wore alighting from his barb,  
Within the castle-court below,  
At twilight's fall, an hour ago ;—  
(The Eagles gathering from the sky,  
To watch their wounded nestling die) ;—  
Speechless we stood—fierce WALTER's plume  
Deep'ning the midnight of the room ;

On his huge sword—with casque unclosed,  
His giant stature RALPH reposed ;  
Whilst I—like marble, carved in damp  
Cathedral cloisters—held the lamp,—  
My face half-shrouded in my cloak,  
And drank her accents as she spoke.

## II.

“ He wronged me ;—yes—’twere vain, I know,  
To plead how much of all this woe,  
And sin, and shame, was all my own,  
Since first beneath our portals blown  
His bugle-horn, at close of light,  
Claimed shelter for way-faring knight ;  
’Twere vain to plead that, lingering long  
With skilful lute and tender song—  
Although he won, by subtlest art,  
My young, surprised, delighted heart—  
*Mine* was the fault to lend my ear  
To much that maiden-truth should quell—  
Alas ! was I less prompt to hear,  
Than he, that Sinful One, to tell ?  
Our flight, I knew, the very dead  
Would rouse to vengeance—yet I fled.

All through that autumn midnight, when,  
Like thief I hurried down the glen,  
While wailed the blast and sighed the wave,  
My mother called me from her grave !  
Enough—he wronged me—Evil Fame  
Darkened above our ancient name ;  
And when did VIPONT's haughty race  
Suffer the finger of disgrace  
To soil their 'scutcheon, tried and good,  
Nor wipe the blemish out with blood ?—  
I know, though he has 'scaped as yet,  
He still must pay that fiery debt—  
But, O my brothers ! in this hour,  
    While darkness yawns for her who oft  
    Played by your sides in childhood's bower,  
    'Mid our own meadows green and soft—  
By every memory of your youth—  
Our father's might—our mother's truth—  
Grant me one grace !—His blood I know,  
    As if he now stood fettered there,  
Must by your ruthless falchions flow—  
    Yet, as ye 'd win me mercy, swear,  
That soon or late—when comes the time  
    For which your outraged spirits pray—

If unrepented be His crime  
Your hands shall then forbear to slay,  
Till Penitence shall render him  
More meet to face your vengeance grim !  
Oh, pause not—swear !—yon glimmering light  
Grows faint and speck-like on my sight.  
*There*—thanks for that assuring sign—  
Be yours the peace that now is mine ! ”  
One long low sigh—like infant tired  
Who sinks to slumber, she expired.

## III.

'Twas then, while bending o'er the clay  
That once—it seemed but yesterday—  
With our stern rugged manhood's dawn,  
In girlhood's graceful beauty blent,  
As round the darksome oaks the Fawn  
Sports brightly wild and innocent,  
That back resulting to the brain  
Black memory's fountain burst again ;  
And question deep and keen We made  
Of who the parting sign conveyed  
That soothed her vision as she died—  
Each for himself the sign denied,

On WALTER's crest the plumage might  
Have nodded with the breeze of night ;  
Or RALPH, to hide his aspect pale,  
Perchance had closed his aventayle ;  
For me—I proudly own I heard  
That last request, yet never stirred.

## IV.

We sought Him wide, and far, and near,  
Through many an unsuccessful year ;  
There spread no land—there rolled no wave,  
We deemed could screen him from our glaive,  
That our swift barks and eager feet  
Explored not—yet We did not meet.  
At times we tracked him, and again

Were foiled—our very haste preventing—  
But still the chase we prest, like men

Wronged, dogged, desperate, unrelenting.  
At length, one night, where to the moon  
Venice unfolds her blue lagoon,  
While shook to feast and carnival  
The Marble City's utmost wall,  
Returning to our hostel, We  
Encounter'd brawlers, ten to three,  
And foremost as their leader—He !

As wounded tigers in despair  
Spring on the plunderers of their lair,  
We dashed upon them. Wine affords  
Full flippant tongues, but feeble swords ;  
Against our fury, strength and skill,  
Their drunken rage availed them ill :  
Like hounds they fled, with cry and yell,  
Save *one*, who in the panic fell !  
Ha,—hell would laugh, to see his hue,  
When he Ralph Vipont's visage knew !  
An instant—and his every vein  
Had dyed our rapiers with its rain ;  
But while they quivered at his throat,  
Some ghostly thing—a Spirit, smote  
Their points aside,—Blaspheming, wild  
From guilt's debauch, was that the time  
(It seemed to ask, in accents mild)  
To send his soul unreconciled,  
To render reckoning for its crime ?  
Half sad, half savage, from the strife,  
We slowly turned, and left him life.

## v.

Years past—and still the wrong he wrought,  
Unexpiated, like the spot

Of the red Plague's malign disease,  
Festered within our memories.  
We lost him long, though gold and wrath,  
With scout and spy, beset his path ;  
We lost him, until weary Hope  
With strong Conviction failed to cope,  
That in remote and desert lands  
The grave had robbed him from our brands.  
When hope had *wholly* vanished—then  
We met our Mortal Foe again !  
Unseen we marked him—guilt had now  
Hardened to bravery on his brow—  
All-seen we met him ; half the show  
Of Burgos' nobles saw the blow  
That Walter dealt upon his crest—  
Daring him, knightly lance in rest,  
To mortal conflict :—pale with rage  
The traitor took the battle-gage,  
But when the morn of combat shone,  
Again he foiled us, and was gone !

## VI.

Life waned away—by sea and shore  
We ceased at last to trace him more ;

And, withered men, across the foam  
Sought out our long-neglected home—  
Half-pleased to see around its gate  
The wild weeds clustering desolate.  
Sullied in fame, and unavenged,  
From all that sweetens life estranged,  
Living but on the Past to brood,  
We stole to age and solitude.

## VII.

One eve, while stern November's blast  
Scudded by fits across the sky,  
With hurtling sounds, as if some vast  
Array of angry phantoms past  
On hurrying pinions by,  
Silent we sat beside the blaze,  
That sent its warm enlivening rays  
Up the wide chimney arched and tall,  
And flung huge shadows round the hall,  
Where our retainers wore, with play,  
Or jest, or tale, the time away.  
Sudden a man stood by our side—  
In foreign lands a trusty guide—

He spake no word, but mutely signed  
That We should follow. Like the wind  
Each seized instinctively his blade,  
And, bursting from the spot, obeyed.

## VIII.

Loud howled the storm by cliff and wood  
As we the stranger's steps pursued,  
Till stealthily they paused before  
A narrow moonbeam-lighted door,  
Opening within the gothic pile  
Where—coped by groined and lofty aisle,  
In many a stately monument,  
With effigy and blazon quaint,  
And rich in sculpture-work divine,—  
Reposed the Perished of our line ;  
We passed the postern softly through—  
Maddening the sight that met our view !

## IX.

Full in the midst, before our face—  
In that, the last, unlikeliest, place  
For *him* to tread—the sacred gloom  
Of our dead father's very tomb

Enveloping his hated head,—  
In pilgrim's garb, with staff and bead,  
Knelt he, who of earth's countless host  
That sire had cause to curse the most !  
Ay ! there he knelt—upon the stone  
That kept *her* dust—unnamed, unknown !  
And yet the roof above the spot,  
That frowned incumbent, crushed him not !  
Well as one scanty look allowed,  
We saw that mortal grief had bowed  
His form in prayer, upon that floor—  
That *grave* ! My breast would brook no more—  
Forward I strode, and quietly  
Said in his ear, " We wait for thee !"  
He started not—at once he rose,  
    And when we gained the open air,  
His cheek evinced a sad repose  
    That it was little wont to wear.  
He questioned not—but smiling grim,  
Declined the weapon offered him—  
Then died as firm as if his sin  
Had never come, a cloud, between  
Our love's fair Sunbeam and her God,  
Nor scorched the earth her brothers trod.

## X.

Next morn, a new and narrow grave  
    Startled the hind on Reresby-knoll ;  
Next eve, the monks in Ashby nave,  
    Sang masses for a parted soul.  
A few short months, and o'er the main,  
    The VIPONTS sailed for Palestine ;  
How flashed the lances of their train,  
    A score of stars along the brine !  
A few short years, and I remain  
    The last of all our line !  
Men shrink and say that crimes are ill  
Avenge'd by darker evil still ;  
And some there be who boldly blame  
The VIPONTS' deed by harsher name ;  
And hint the Canon's curse has vowed,  
To men of blood, a bloody shroud.  
If all be true, that priests reveal,  
I cannot tell :—I only feel  
What poor return th' Avenger's knife  
Exacts for wrong outlasting life :—  
No—bid revive our perished foe,  
This hand again shall lay him low !

## THE VISION OF CALIGULA.

### A FRAGMENT.

---

"Incitabatur insomnia maxime; neque enim plus quam tribus nocturnis horis quiescebat; ac non his quidem placida quiete, sed pavida miris rerum imaginibus; ut qui, inter ceteras, PELAGI QUONDAM SPECIEM colloquentem secum videre visus sit."—BUSTONIUS, *in Vit. Calig.*

---

#### I.

THE night is over Rome—deep night intense—  
Cloudlessly blue in its magnificence;  
There is no moon, but holy starlight there  
Shoots its soft lustre through the lucid air;  
The trophied shrines along old Tiber's stream  
Fling their dim shadows with a solemn gleam;  
While, in its far supremacy above,  
Like dawn's white glimmer, towers the Fane of Jove.

#### II.

The city's roar hath died, and far away  
Died the gay discords of the jocund day;

Long hours ago the Theatre's loud yell  
Sank fiercely glad as the last fencer fell ;  
And silent long, through every echoing path,  
Lie the broad Forum and the mighty Bath ;  
Even Love, the watchful, trembling shrouds his lute  
In precincts now where all but Power is mute.

## III.

Bright through yon groves of plane and cedar shine  
The lights clear-glancing from the Palatine ;  
Now lost, now lambent, as their circling ward,  
The mailed Pretorians pace, in ceaseless guard—  
Theirs the high charge to keep unbroken still  
The slumbering echoes of that haughty hill ;  
For, worse than treason's step or traitor's eye,  
Who breaks the silence with a sound must die—  
A silence sterner than the stillness spread  
In Mizraim's deserts round her sceptred dead.

## IV.

There in its far immensity outrolled,  
The Cæsars' Palace lifts its domes of gold,  
Or nobly stretches through the olive shades,  
In marble coolness, its superb arcades ;

Or rears its soaring porticoes, that throw  
A lustrous gloom on the tall groves below,  
And porphyry founts, whose graceful waters gush  
With clearer tinkle through the midnight hush ;  
White shine the pillared terraces, and long  
Bright hosts of gods in many a sculptured throng,  
Whose breathless life, in the calm starlight hours,  
Casts a chill loveliness upon the flowers—  
The thousand-banded flowers that, wide and far,  
From the deep beauty of bell, cup, and star,  
Their fragrance fling to heaven, though not an air  
To kiss the lily's languid lips is there—  
Even the sweet rose, that leans its tender cheek  
    Against yon shaft of proud Synáda's stone,  
Seems sculptured from the marble's purple streak,  
    So deep night's dread solemnity is thrown.

## v.

Say, to what Spirit's gentlest sway is given  
This hour delicious 'neath the lull of heaven ?  
Steal its pure influences down to steep  
The revel-wearied in the bath of sleep—  
To waft adoring sounds to beauty's pillow,  
And soothe with song her bosom's dazzling billow—

Or breathe deep quiet through the lonely room  
Where the pale sophist, in his reasoning gloom,  
Or dreaming lyrist—ah, less happy sage !—  
Bends thoughtful o'er the lamp-illumin'd page ?  
Heed not, but hasten where the starlight falls,  
And burns in gold on yon refulgent walls ;  
Glance through the Augustan chambers—even there  
Where the still myrtles look like spectres in—  
And see black Night slip from their wolfish lair  
On murderous Power the dogs of Hell and Sin.

## VI.

Far down the radiant galleries HE came,  
Where the soft cresset's dusky-curtain'd flame  
Lent the voluptuous loneliness an air,  
As Death and Pomp for mastery struggled there.  
Onward he came, and the tall Thracian slave,  
That kept the portals with unsheathed glaive,  
Shrank at that footstep, till his glassy eye  
That dared not look, froze in perplexity.  
He came—the Cæsar dread—Earth's awful lord—  
The all-tremendous One, whose whispered word  
Filled, like pervading Nature, land and flood ;  
And, if but syllabled in wrathful mood,

Had the swift lightning's soundless power to pierce,  
Rending and blasting, through the universe !

## VII.

Breathe there no dreadful splendours from that brow ?  
Forth from his presence does no halo glow ?  
Throng not around glad parasites to bask  
In the stray smile their servile faces ask ?  
No !—in that savage, solitary form,  
Lone as some prowling leopard of the storm—  
In that pale cheek, and those red restless eyes,  
Where the sweet balm of slumber never lies—  
In the parched lips, cleft by a moaning sound,  
And haggard locks, where, wreathèd wildly round,  
Empire's dread fillet clasps his temples broad,  
Mark the grim Thing to earth more dreadful than her God.

## VIII.

"Bright maids !" the sceptred Raver muttered—"ye  
Who tracked Orestes with such constancy  
That his brain burned, and reason fled at last  
Beneath the spell your beauties round him cast—  
Accept my thanks, that, turning from the fane  
His ardours reared you on Ceryne's plain,

You now vouchsafe to shake the witchery curled  
In your fair locks, o'er him who shakes the world !  
More faithful than the mortal nymphs whose care  
Is still my momentary love to share,  
Ye never leave me—morning, fragrant noon,  
And night, fierce-glaring with its bloody moon—  
That moon that, even when icy winter reigns,  
Scorches and dries the current in my veins,  
And still will stare upon my aching sight,  
Startling the slumber that does *not* alight :  
All-constant Three !

—yet if, avenging Jove,

Thy handmaids come commissioned from above  
To wreak—as erst upon thy sire—on me,  
Earth's thunder-wielder, thy grim jealousy,  
I scoff the scourge that only can destroy,  
Storm as thou wilt—the dull lethargic joy,  
Which the vile slave who mines in caverns dim—  
Could Cæsar sleep—might boast he shared with him.  
Yet hold !—the hour imparts with its deep rest  
To this unslumbering, pleasure-craving breast  
One stimulating thrill—one strong delight—  
To burst upon the soft patrician's night,  
And watch the terror starting through each limb

When summoned here, 'mid gladiators grim  
They stand ;—by Orcus ! how they seem to feel  
The cold keen fury of the griding steel  
Already severing life asunder :—yes,  
Night even to me is not without its bliss ;  
And, while one sapient senator remains  
To speed my hours with what fools call his pains,  
Pale Nemesis may watch her lonely shrine,  
Heaped by no fear-wrung sacrifice of mine—  
And choke my thresholds with a shadowy throng,  
Each red hand shaking the uplifted thong ;  
And the Olympus-throned may thunder still  
Upon the *right* of this defying hill :—  
Even now I spurn"———

At once—as if the stroke

That in the Alp-storm smites the wasted oak  
Had felled him there—the god-contemner prone  
Dropped, like that wild tree from its mountains blown :  
And ere the noiseless and attendant crowd  
Of slaves, who watched behind the Tyrian cloud  
That flung its folds, in many a silken fall,  
Around the vastness of that gorgeous hall,  
Could reach their prostrate lord, a change had cast  
Its shadow o'er him—paralysed—and passed.

## IX.

They raised him, with stunned frame and drooping head,  
As one scarce rescued from the ghastly dead—  
They fanned his forehead, where the fiery will  
With some strong agony contended still :  
Sudden he shook aside their trembling cares,  
And starting forward, as a maniac stares  
Upon some shape—how dreadful we but guess  
From the racked gazer's terrible distress—  
Transfixed he stood ; his fear-dilated eye,  
Wild with amaze, stretched into vacancy,  
As though some palpable horror stood between  
Him and the placid beauty of the night,  
That, through the rose and citron's fragrant screen,  
Filled all the portal to its Parian height.

## X.

Long stood the Cursed-with-empire moveless there,  
As marble vowed by nations to Despair ;  
Long seemed to shudder at some voice, whose tone  
Of thunder broke upon his ear alone :  
At last the trance gave way in one wild gasp,  
And, reeling back, he caught, with feeble clasp,

The nearest column, while shocked nature's pain  
Dropped from his forehead like the summer rain ;—  
“ Ho !—instant, slaves ! ” at length he faltered—“ Fly !  
Bid to our sacred presence instantly  
That prophet-raver, half a knave—half fool—  
Adept in all that yonder starry school  
Vouchsafes to teach its students—he who told  
The wreath of empire never should enfold  
This brow until o'er Baïæ's sunny bay—  
A liquid path—I urged my war-steed's way ;  
Fool—as if winds or waves could——

Ha ! again

That awful voice !—'tis crushing in my brain !  
And thou wilt visit me, Tremendous Power,  
Henceforth for ever in the stabber's hour ?  
'Tis well—thou look'st too dreadful for a God  
That kings can bribe, or hecatombs defraud.  
So let me dare thee deeply—yes, by Him  
Who shakes the sable urn in Hades grim !  
Or by an oath more sacred—by the shrine  
And name of her—Drusilla the Divine !  
As Jove the Cloud-compeller, o'er my head  
His judgment thunders ever vainly sped,

So do I shake my tameless spirit free  
From all thy funeral threats, mysterious Deity !  
Afer,—why stays the dotard ?—soft—he's here—  
Thrasyllus—soothsayer—dismiss the fear  
That blanches in thy cheek, it mocks the snow  
Of thy most reverend tresses' scanty flow.  
Approach and mark me—quick—thy laggard foot  
Treads onward as reluctantly and mute,  
As thou wert bidden to those glorious feasts  
Where I and Torture pledge the white-lipp'd guests ;  
As if the domes that lean in radiant line  
Their ponderous gold upon the Palatine  
O'erhung thee now, filled with the festal state  
I love to fling around the gulf of fate.  
Thou start'st, as if thy moon-bewilder'd sight  
Saw not this spacious audience-hall aright :  
Look round thee, priest, perchance thou'lt dare to say  
*This* is not Naples—*that* Sarrentum's bay ;  
And *there* Misenum's cape, from whence—come near,  
I saw what none e'er saw but me—what ear  
Was cursed not with till now,—THE MIGHTY SEA,  
AS LIVE THE IMMORTAL GODS ! HAS SPOKEN UNTO ME !  
And lifted up its thousand tongues, and shook  
All its wide deeps into one stormy look ;

And cast the thunder of its voice's roll,  
And aspect's fierceness on both sense and soul.

## XI.

" List to the portent.—Scarce an hour is past,  
Since, on yon emerald promontory cast,  
I looked along broad ocean's hushed expanse  
Filled with the strength of midnight's countenance ;  
Boundlessly slept the deep ; nor sail nor oar  
Broke from the far horizon to the shore  
The stretch of waves that, lapsing calmly even,  
Drank the dark glory of the sapphire heaven ;  
And far, away afar, Prochýta's isle  
Hoarded one hue of day's departed smile,  
One flush of rose-light that, I know not why,  
Long as it lingered, fixed my feverish eye ;  
At length it faded into night, and then  
I faced the giant loneliness again !  
I listened—'twas the rushing through my heart  
Of the hot blood in many a fiery start ;—  
I listened—'twas the sedges' whispering speech,  
Kissed by the waters on the silver beach ;—  
Once more—I dream, or else the sounds that surge  
Still louder, break from ocean's circling verge !

'Twas even so—at first a mingling hum,  
Like that of nations meeting as they come,  
And then a loud hubbub—a sullen roar,  
And dash of waves on every sounding shore—  
And billows rose and rose, without a breeze,  
And the stars shrank before the howling seas—  
And mighty clouds came upward from afar,  
Like the old giants crowding on to war ;  
And heaven was hid, and hurrying voices high,  
Calling and answering from the upper sky,  
Shook the wild air : At length, when fiercest raged  
The strife the waters with stunned Nature waged,  
At once the whole tremendous Ocean heaved  
Up in one wide convulsion !—Earth, relieved,  
Reeled to her centre ;—still the growing Sea  
Reared to the zenith its immensity,  
And whirlwinds girt its limbs in stormy crowds,  
While from above careered the thunder-clouds,  
And helmed its shadowy head, as with the gloom  
And dreadful tossing of a battle-plume ;  
And the broad lightnings leaped about, and poured  
Their terrors round it like a fiery sword !  
—Thou tremblest, slave,—well, Cæius may confess  
That he, for one brief moment, did no less :

Upward I strained my gaze to meet the brow  
Whose glance I felt was burning through me now.  
In vain—for still the thunder's streamy scowl  
Muffled the features with a mighty cowl ;  
And, though at times the madd'ning winds would sweep  
That veil aside, I could not bear the deep  
And wrathful face revealed and wrapped so soon  
—Lurid and dim, like an eclipsed moon !  
Fatigued I sank ; but, mark me, not subdued,  
By aught that savours of a weaker mood.  
Then on my ear a voice, whose accents spoke  
With earthquake's hope-destroying loudness broke ;  
At once o'er continent and islands spread  
A calm, than even that warring din more dread ;  
And thus—Bis-Ultor Mars ! what boots it *what* was said ?  
Fierce words that told of some great Spirit still  
Claiming ascendance o'er my sceptred will—  
Some nameless God, who deemed the Julian line  
Were not so guiltless, not so *all*-divine  
As slaves would hold ; denouncements, too, that urge  
To madness, lashed as with a brazen scourge  
My soul, and bared the future as the past,  
And menaced of an hour, when on the blast

Of glory's heaven, no more our Eagles' wings  
Should darken wide earth with their shadowings,  
But cower and stoop before the iron hail  
That broods even now in some far Polar gale !  
—I bore no more—but sprang and faced the sea  
With a proud Roman's conscious majesty ;  
And saw but there the fast-subsiding flood  
Through eyes bedimmed as with a film of blood.

## XII.

“ And I had still to suffer : in the east  
The breeze that freshened o'er the billows' breast  
Dashed them to foam that, far as night prevails,  
Gleamed like the canvas of a thousand sails ;  
And sails *were* there, that forward, fast and free  
As those white billows, bounded countlessly ;  
Strange spectre ships in many a ghastly fleet  
Crowding, and wafting one portentous freight,  
Which the rude barks demonstrate came from far  
—The spear's stern merchandise—barbarian War !  
They neared ; each vessel burdened with its group  
Of savage warriors at the shielded poop ;  
Tall fire-eyed men, like the *Athletæ* we  
Feed for the Arena's sportive butchery :

And still they swarmed, and anchored, and outpoured  
On wailing shores that devastating Horde !  
And a red haze swept o'er the groaning hills,  
And every sound and sight, whose horror thrills  
Perception, seemed, by Hell's own black decision,  
Rolled on my soul in one chaotic vision !  
Jove ! what a blinding scroll was there unfurled,  
The last wild throes of my own Roman World !  
The ravaged Province—slaughtered people—Fanes  
Blazing and tumbling on the famished plains ;  
Even Rome, the god-built, belted round with war—  
And lo ! the worse than Gauls burst through her every bar !  
And, 'mid the Plague's rank steam, mad Famine's roar,  
And woman ravished and man's rushing gore,  
The savage feasted in our palace halls—  
Aye, by the jasper founts, whose lulling falls  
Bless my Velitrian villa with their rain,  
Beneath its shadows of luxuriant plane  
Grim Scythia styed, and quaffed each priceless cup  
The Scipios' suppliant children proffered up !—  
It was too much—a whirling in my brain—  
A snapping of each hot distended vein—  
And then oblivion—and that hour of fear  
Was o'er—and thou, dull prophet, thou art here !

Ay, I remember all—while I have spoken,  
Back on my sense reality has broken.  
I have but dreamed—and yonder guarded shades  
Shroud in 'mid Rome those glittering colonnades :  
And I am safe—have called thee, crafty Greek,  
To read the purport of my vision—speak !”

## XIII.

Slowly that bowed and listening sage arose,  
And, though a century's consecrating snows  
Had whitened o'er his head, he stood as tall  
In the rich shadows of that sinful hall,  
And with as dauntless look, as he who read  
The words Jehovah the Avenger traced  
Before Belshazzar, in the hour the Mede  
Burst in red valour on that godless feast.

## XIV.

“ Caius !” thus calmly spoke the Prescience-gifted,  
In accents solemn as sepulchral breeze  
Through some lone cypress, while his hands uplifted  
Seemed to attest immortal witnesses :—  
“ Caius ! my words are few ; but, though the gloom  
Enwraps me of inexorable doom ;

Though to my searching eye thy stern intent,  
Fanged with all tortures tyrants can invent,  
Is not unknown, as I have yet concealed  
No truth thy wilful race *would* see revealed ;  
So do I now unshrinkingly to thee  
Pronounce my last and parting prophecy :—  
SIN STALKS THE LEP'ROUS EARTH FROM SHORE TO SHORE,  
HER BUBBLING CHALICE WILL CONTAIN NO MORE ;  
THE SHUDDERING GODS YIELD THEIR DERIDED POWER  
TO THE GREAT ANGEL OF THE COMING HOUR ;  
SOME ONE ALMIGHTY, WHO FROM COUNTLESS ELD  
HIS FACE IN CLOUDIEST DARKNESS HAS WITHHELD ;  
HIS WRATH SHALL SWEEP THE NATIONS, AND THE SEA  
BE THE STERN SERVANT OF THAT MINISTRY !  
IN BLOOD SHALL SINK EACH CÆSAR'S BLOOD-STAINED FORM—  
YE SOWED THE WHIRLWIND—GO AND REAP THE STORM !”

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE CAPTIVE OF GHENT.

---

[GHENT, May 5, 1841.]

“ On Monday last, the Nestor of captives died here in prison.—Pierre Joseph Soste was condemned in 1773 to be broke on the wheel for having murdered a young girl. He was then seventeen years of age. The Empress Maria-Theresa commuted his punishment to imprisonment for life. In 1814 he was set at liberty by Count Bichaliff, the hettman of the Cossacks, whose head-quarters were in this city; but being destitute of the means of subsistence, of relations, and friends, he requested to be allowed to return to the same prison which had been so long his abode. The request was granted, and he remained in the Rasphuis twenty-seven years more, (in all sixty-three years,) and died on Monday, at the age of eighty.”

*TIMES Newspaper*, 10th May, 1841.]

---

STAND from my path, you solemn pair,  
Nor block the gateway to the dead—  
Dull Priest, and sleek Mediciner,  
With bowl and bible at my bed !  
I taste not that—I touch not this ;  
The one my loathèd life would stay,  
The second, o’er yon black abyss  
Guide to a realm, no doubt, of bliss  
Like that I quit to-day.

Where I may once again be born,  
May know what means the breeze of morn,  
Then share—as it before befel—  
Some blinding dungeon's endless hell.

See, through my cell's late-opened door,  
That mile-long line of vaulted dark,  
Which drowns the groping sight, before  
It gains the solitary spark  
Of daylight, that from broad blue skies  
And wild free woods has struggled in,  
Marking the porch where Pity dies—  
Where Hope, the long-reluctant, flies  
And leaves the keys to Sin.  
Gray monk!—my countless years have pass'd  
One straight, curst level, black and vast  
As that grim gallery, with a ray  
Of sunshine on their opening way.

Say thou, who preacheest man was sent  
Into this God-created world  
With high beneficent intent,  
Why my unripened soul was hurled,

Just as it started in the race—  
Ere Reason's cup had cooled my lips—  
Ere I could sunder guilt from grace—  
Down, down where demons have their place  
In Death's unsounded deeps ?  
One hour was mine of lovely things,  
Flowers, waters, forests, glancing wings,  
Then sudden night !—and slimy stone,  
Shut me and Madness up alone !

They said 'twas Mercy saved me so—  
The slaves !—I could but briefly feel  
Their bursting mace's ponderous blow,  
Stretched on the limb-dividing wheel.  
I should not then have died the death  
Which takes a century to slay,  
When whelmed, enchained, and choked beneath  
One marble mass, the charnel's breath  
Its victim rots away.  
I should not then have felt my mind,  
From lonely horror scared and blind,  
Whirl into savage frenzy's rage,  
Like captive tiger round his cage.

Who that had heard me strive to break  
With shouts that ceaseless solitude,  
Till my faint gasp refused to shriek,  
And mine became the Idiot's mood ;  
When strength of youth and manhood's might  
To moping, soundless torpor grew,  
And the sick undiscerning sight  
One blank interminable night  
Of burial only knew ;  
Who then had deemed the driveller there—  
Ploughed by the Avenger's fiery share—  
Of love, life, light, once drank his fill,  
As the lithe roe-deer drinks the rill ?

Yes !—give me back *one* year of bloom,  
And though remorseless was my fall,  
And fiercely dire my monstrous doom,  
Yet I will face it all !  
So once again I may but rove  
With *HER* the fair and evening-eyed—  
That thing of radiance and of love—  
Sweet Maude, who in the chestnut grove  
So prized and perjured died.

Oh! but to watch her on this breast,  
Sink like a folded flower to rest  
Once—*only once*—as in *that* time—  
She free from falsehood—I from crime!

The bow of heaven had less of grace  
In valley-waters glassed and bent,—  
The very glory of her face  
Fresh lustre to creation lent.  
This heart with fire was all too full;  
By winding brook and mossy stone,  
And thunderous wave, and woodland lull,  
I loved with her the Beautiful,  
And lived for her alone.  
I sought one eve our trysting-tree,  
The linden bough was budding free,  
But bleak December stript it bare,  
Before again she met me there.

She came at last. I drank the start,  
The blush her treacherous cheek betrayed.  
Enough—the life-tide of her heart  
Was crimson on my blade.

I had a right—who taught her first  
Earth's only boon, true love, to know—  
When wronged in every dream I nurst,  
To snatch her from the last, the worst  
Of sorrows here below.

Not sweeter went our early hours,  
Beneath the happy chestnut flowers,  
Than wore that first red night away,  
When I and Murder watched her clay !

You know the rest—ye felon's friends !—  
The sands of hideous grief are run ;  
Nor tell me, when Earth's thralldom ends,  
That Heaven's is but begun.

I dare not deem the creed divine,  
That from this parting hour would tear  
The thought, that horrors like to mine  
May from the Judgment-threshold's shine  
The blot of bloodshad wear !

From my life's page, the hand of shame  
Swept hope, love, memory, fortune, name.  
The rest—Remorse, fear, frenzied woe—  
Remember THOU to whom I go !

## THE GERMAN PILGRIM.

---

[Mr. Carne, in his *Letters from Switzerland*, mentions an affecting incident of a poor German Student, who, after years devoted to dreams of Roman glory and anxious aspirations to visit the source of classic memories, set out for the Eternal City, but, unprepared for the length and toil of the journey, upon reaching the Campagna he found his slender finances exhausted, and sooner than enter Rome a dependant on charity, turned back within view of the city.]

---

### I.

MORNING—from out the starry glooms  
Rushing in glory up such sky  
As drinks its purple from the plumes  
Of sceptred angels shooting by.  
The mighty Morning!—far and wide  
Earth greets its beams beatified.

### II.

A vast and solitary scene!—  
A plain of arid turf and sand—  
And lingering there one Pilgrim mean  
Leans with bowed head upon his hand,  
A youthful pilgrim on whose brow  
Death's ghastly rose is opening now.

## III.

He leans in utter weariness,  
With broken staff and empty scrip,  
No rill is tinkling near to bless  
With its cool life his broiling lip—  
But heedless all, his spell-bound gaze  
Strains through the far horizon's haze,

## IV.

Where gleams and burns intensely clear  
One speck of molten-topaz light :  
How many a long and lonely year  
In dreams his heart hath drank the sight  
That now it hails——St. Peter's Dome,  
High 'mid the holy skies of Rome !

## V.

“ Yes ; weary, worn, and desolate,  
With Want's keen iron in my soul,  
Touching the threshold of the gate,  
Gaining upon the very goal,  
My feet have stumbled in the race—  
The glory fades before my face.

## VI.

“ Was it for this, a studious boy  
    Beneath my mother’s cottage-vine,  
When day went down in sunny joy  
    Along the blue resplendent Rhine,  
That first I panted, sick of home,  
To visit Livy’s vaunted Rome ?

## VII.

“ Was it for this that Men’s abodes  
    I shunned in youth’s delicious days,  
To dwell with those bright awful gods,  
    Who from their halls of amber gaze,  
Where throneless dwells by Tiber’s river  
The Queen their harps have hymned for ever ?

## VIII.

“ Yes—crownèd gods they were to me—  
    In the full MANTUAN’s mellow stream  
I steeped my soul immortally ;  
    I made me drunken with each beam  
The lyre of HORACE sun-like throws  
Round Chian grape and Syrian rose.

## IX.

“ And day by day what bliss was mine,  
    To sit at TULLY’S holy feet,  
And hear those lips so all-divine,  
    Eternal Wisdom’s law repeat,  
Or mark their lightning-flash control  
The pale Patrician’s guilty soul !

## X.

“ I dwelt amongst them till the tone  
    Of my Land’s language jarred my ear,  
Till their bright creed became my own—  
    Than my free Fathers’ faith more dear,  
Until I deemed no human home  
Meet for my dazzled heart but Rome.

## XI.

“ This could not last—I girt me up  
    With wildered sense and dizzy brain,  
Like Bacchant from his maddening cup—  
    I fly to hail—I shouted vain—  
Those shades that round Power’s ruined shrine  
Keep watch upon the Palatine,

## XII.

“ Where once in triumph winded slow  
The Consul’s victory-shadowed car,  
Where Brutus struck the immortal blow,  
While rose in heaven the Julian star—  
Where Empire’s eagle first unfurled  
Those wings whose shadow swept the world.

## XIII.

“ There will I tread, and dream divine  
That shining from its awful hill,  
The Thunderer’s hundred-pillared shrine  
With wide Earth’s plunder blazes still,  
While Time those streets once more unshrouds,  
Thronged with pale gods in marble crowds.

## XIV.

“ ‘ And what although this sinking frame  
Should cease to cloud the flame within ?  
Death *there* would not be, Land of Fame,  
To lose existence, but to win,  
Ay, mingling with thy dust would be  
Itself an immortality.’

## XV.

“ Drunkard !—I pawned for yellow dross  
My precious books, and fled the cot  
Where a lone mother weeps my loss  
Each eve—and looks—and sees me not.  
I dreamt to journey all alone—  
Ha ! ha !—two friends were still my own.

## XVI.

“ Grim Want and griping Sickness fast  
O’ertook this baby frame, and here  
Their clutch, I feel, prevails at last ;—  
I could have trod in humble fear  
Yon glorious hill as Pilgrim scant—  
Not as a lazar mendicant.

## XVII.

“ All my long years of hope !”  
———He turned,  
Forth burst his crushed heart’s hottest rain,  
Then to that glittering speck that burned  
Afar, afar—he looked again—  
Rose from the spot like feeble child,  
And homeward faced the desert wild.

## THE CURSE OF GLENCOE.

---

THE fair calm eye on wood and wold  
Shone down with softest ray,  
Beneath the sycamore's red leaf  
The mavis trilled her lay,  
Murmured the Tweed afar, as if  
Complaining for the day.

And evening's light, and wild-bird's song,  
And Tweed's complaining tune ;  
And far-off hills, whose restless pines  
Were beckoning up the moon—  
Beheld and heard, shed silence through  
A lofty dim saloon.

The fruits of mellow autumn glowed  
Upon the ebon board ;  
The blood that grape of Burgundy

In other days had poured,  
Gleamed from its crystal vase—but all  
Untasted stood the hoard.

Two guests alone sat listlessly  
That lavish board beside :  
The one a fair-haired stripling, tall,  
Blithe-browed and eager-eyed,  
Caressing still two hounds in leash,  
That by his chair abide.

Right opposite, in musing mood,  
A stalwart man was placed,  
With veteran aspect, like a tower  
By war, not time, defaced,  
Whose shattered walls exhibit Power  
Contending still with Waste.

And as the Ivy's changeless veil  
Will round the fortress spring,  
Some grief unfading o'er that brow  
Its shadow seemed to fling,  
And made that stalwart man's whole air  
A sad and solemn thing.

And so they sat, both Youth and Years,  
An hour without a word—  
The pines that beckoned up the moon  
Their arms no longer stirred,  
And through the open windows wide  
The Tweed alone was heard.

The elder's mood gave way at last,—  
Perhaps some sudden whine  
Of the lithe quest-hounds startled him,  
Or timepiece striking nine ;  
“ Fill for thyself, forgotten Boy,”  
He said, “ and pass the wine.

“ A churlish host I ween am I  
To thee, who, day by day,  
Thus comest to cheer my solitude  
With converse frank and gay,  
Or tempt me with thy dogs to course  
The moorlands far away.

“ But still the fit returns”——He paused,  
Then with a sigh resumed :  
“ Rememberest thou how once beneath

Yon chestnut, when it bloomed,  
Thou 'st asked me why I wore the air  
Of spirit disentombed ;

“ And why, apart from man, I chose  
This mansion grim and hoary,  
Nor in my ancient lineage seemed,  
Nor ancient name, to glory ?  
I shunned thy questions then—now list,  
And thou shalt hear the story—

“ With a brief preface, and through life  
Believe its warning true—  
That they who (save in righteous cause)  
Their hands with blood imbrue—  
Man's sacred blood—avenging Heaven  
Will long in wrath pursue.

“ A curse has fallen upon my race ;  
The Law once given in fire,  
While Sinai trembled to its base,  
That curse inflicted dire—  
TO VISIT STILL UPON THE SON  
THE OFFENCES OF THE SIRE.

“ My fathers strong, of iron hand,  
Had hearts as iron hard,  
That never love nor pity's touch  
From ruthless deeds debarred.  
And well they held their Highland glen,  
Whatever factions warred.

“ When Stuart's great but godless race  
Dissolved like thinnest snow  
Before bright Freedom's face, my clan,  
The Campbells, served their foe.  
—Boy—'twas my grandsire” (soft he said)  
“ Commanded at Glencoe.”

The stripling shrank, nor quite suppressed  
His startled bosom's groan ;  
Forward and back the casements huge  
By sudden gust were blown,  
And at the sound one dreaming hound  
Awakened with a moan.

“ *Glencoe*—ay ! well the word may stir  
The stoutest heart with fear,  
Or burn with monstrous shame the face

Of man from year to year,  
As long as Scotland's girdling rocks  
The roar of seas shall hear.

" Enough—Glenlyon redly earned  
The curse he won that night,  
When rising from the social hearth  
He gave the word to smite,  
And all was shriek and helplessness,  
And massacre and flight.

" And such a flight !—O outraged Heaven,  
How could'st thou, since, have smiled ?  
A fathom deep the frozen snow  
Lay horrid on the wild,  
Where fled to perish youth and age,  
And wife and feeble child.

" My couch is soft—yet dreams will still  
Convert that couch to snow,  
And in my slumbers shot and shout  
Are ringing from Glencoe."  
That stalwart man arose and paced  
The chamber to and fro,

While to his brow the sweat-drop sprung  
Like one in mortal throe.

\* \* \* \*

“Glenlyon died, be sure, as die  
All desperate men of blood,  
And from my sire (his son) our lands  
Departed sod by sod,  
Till the sole wealth bequeathed me was  
A mother fearing God.

“She reared me in that holy fear,  
In stainless honour’s love,  
And from the past she warnèd me,  
Whate’er my fate should prove,  
To shrink from bloodshed as a sin  
All human sins above.

“I kept the precept ;—by the sword  
Compelled to win me bread,  
A soldier’s life of storm and strife  
For forty years I led,  
Yet ne’er by this reluctant arm  
Has friend or foeman bled.

“ But still I felt Glencoe’s dark curse  
My head suspended o’er,  
——Look, this reluctant hand, for all,  
Is red with human gore ! ”  
Again that white-lipped man arose  
And strode the echoing floor.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ A prosperous course through life was mine,  
On rampart, field, and wave,  
Though more my warrior skill than deeds,  
Command and fortune gave.  
Years rolled away, and I prepared  
To drop the weary glaive.

“ ’Twas when beyond th’ Atlantic foam,  
To check encroaching France,  
Our war spread wide, and, on his tide,  
In many a martial glance,  
St. Lawrence saw gray Albyn’s plumes  
And Highland pennons dance.

“ E’en while I waited for the Chief,  
By whom relieved at last,  
Heart-young, though time-worn, I was free

To hail my country's blast—  
That on a sentry, absent found,  
The doom of death was passed.

“ POOR RONALD BLAIR ! a fleeter foot  
Ne'er tracked through Morvern moss  
The wind-hoofed deer ; nor swimmer's arm  
More wide the surge could toss  
Than his, for whom Dishonour's hand  
Now dug the griesly fosse.

“ Suspicion of those hunter tribes,  
Along whose giant screen  
Of shadowy woods our host encamped,  
The early cause had been  
Of rule, that none of Indian race  
Should come our lines within.

“ The law was kept : yet, far away,  
Amid the forests' shade,  
The fair-haired warriors of the North  
Wooded many a dusky maid,  
Who charmed, perhaps, not less because  
In Nature's garb arrayed ;

“ And warm and bright as southern night,  
When all is stars and dew,  
Was that dark Girl, who, to the banks,  
Where lay her light canoe,  
Lured Ronald's footsteps, day by day,  
What time the sun withdrew.

“ Far down the stream she dwelt, 'twould seem,  
Yet stream nor breeze could bar  
Her little boat, that to a nook,  
Dark with the pine-tree's spar,  
Each evening Ronald saw shoot up  
As constant as a star.

“ Alone she came—she went alone :—  
She came with fondest freight  
Of maize and milky fruits and furs  
Her lover's eyes to greet ;  
She went—ah, 'twas her bosom then,  
Not bark, that bore the weight !

“ How fast flew time to hearts like theirs !  
The ruddy summer died,  
And Arctic frosts must soon enchain

St. Lawrence' mighty tide ;  
But yet awhile the little boat  
Came up the river-side.

" One night, while from their northern lair  
With intermittent swell  
The keen winds grumbled loud and long,  
To Ronald's turn it fell  
Close to the shore to keep the lines,  
A lonely sentinel.

" 'Twas now the hour was wont to bring  
His Indian maid ; and hark !  
As constant as a star it comes,  
That small love-laden bark,  
It anchors in the cove below—  
She calls him through the dark.

" He dared not answer, dared not stir,  
Where Discipline had bound him ;  
Nor was there need—led by her heart  
The joyous girl has found him ;  
She understands it not, nor cares—  
Her raptured arms are round him.

“ He kissed her face—he breathèd low  
Those brook-like, murmuring words  
That, without meaning, speak out all  
The heart’s impassioned chords,  
The truest language human lip  
To human lip affords.

“ He pointed towards the distant camp,  
Her clasping arms undid,  
And showed that till the morrow’s sun  
Their meeting was forbid ;  
She went—her eyes in tears—he called,  
And kissed them from the lid.

“ She went—he heard her far below  
Unmoor her little boat ;  
He caught the oars’ first dip that sent  
It from the bank afloat ;  
Next moment, down the tempest swept  
With an all-deafening throat.

“ Loud roared the storm, but louder still  
The river roared and rose,  
Tumbling its angry billows, white

And huge as Alpine snows ;  
Yet clear through all, one piercing cry  
His heart with terror froze.

“ She shrieks, and calls upon the name  
She learned to love him by ;  
The waves have swamped her little boat—  
She sinks before his eye !  
And he must keep his dangerous post,  
And leave her there to die !

“ One moment’s dreadful strife—Love wins ;  
He plunges in the water ;  
The moon is out, his strokes are stout,  
The swimmer’s arm has caught her,  
And back he bears, with gasping heart,  
The Forest’s matchless daughter !

“ ’Twas but a chance !—her life is gained,  
And his is gone—for, lo !  
The picquet round has come, and found,  
Left open to the foe  
The dangerous post that Ronald kept  
So short a time ago.

“ They met him bearing her—he scorned  
To palter or to plead ;  
Arrested—bound—ere beat of drum,  
The Judgment-court decreed  
That Ronald Blair should with his life  
Pay forfeit for his deed.

“ He knew it well—that deed involved  
Such mischief to the host,  
While prowling spy and open foe  
Watched every jealous post,  
That, of a soldier’s crimes, it called  
For punishment the most.

“ On me, as senior in command,  
The charge I might not shun  
Devolved, to see the doom of death  
Upon the culprit done.  
The place—a league from camp ; the hour—  
The morrow’s evening sun.

“ Meanwhile some touches of the tale  
That reached the distant tent  
Of Him who led the war in Chief,

Won justice to relent.  
That night, in private, a REPRIEVE  
Unto my care was sent,

“ With secret orders to pursue  
The sentence to the last,  
And when the prisoner’s prayer was o’er,  
And the death-fillet passed,  
*But not till then*, to read to him  
That Pardon for the past.

“ The morrow came ; the evening sun  
Was sinking red and cold,  
When Ronald Blair, a league from camp  
We led, erect and bold,  
To die the soldier’s death, while low  
The funeral drum was rolled.

“ With arms reversed, our plaided ranks  
To distance due retire,  
The fatal musqueteers advance  
The signal to require :  
*‘ Till I produce this kerchief blue,*  
*Be sure withhold your fire.’*

“ His eyes are bound—the prayer is said—  
He kneels upon his bier ;  
So dread a silence sank on all,  
You might have heard a tear  
Drop to the earth. My heart beat quick  
With happiness and fear,

“ To feel concealed within my vest  
A parting soul’s relief !  
I kept my hand on that ~~REPRIVE~~  
Another moment brief ;  
Then drew it forth, but with it drew,  
O God ! the handkerchief.

“ He fell !—and whether He or I  
Had died I hardly knew—  
But when the gusty forest breeze  
Aside the death-smoke blew,  
I heard those bearing off the dead  
Proclaim that there were *two*.

“ They said that as the volley ceased,  
A low sob called them where  
They found an Indian maiden dead,

Clasping in death's despair  
One feather from a Highland plume  
And one bright lock of hair.

" I've long forgot what followed, save  
That, standing by his bier,  
I shouted out the words some fiend  
Was whispering in my ear—  
' My race is run—the curse of *Heaven*  
*And of Glencoe is here !* '

" From that dark hour all hope to me,  
All *human* hope was gone ;  
I shrank from life a branded man—  
I sought my land alone,  
And of a stranger's purchased halls  
I joyed to make my own.

" Thou 'st known me long as Campbell—now  
Thou know'st the Campbell's story,  
And why, apart from man I chose  
This mansion grim and hoary ;  
Nor in my ancient lineage seem,  
Nor ancient name, to glory.

“ Though drear my lot, yet, noble boy !

Not always I repine ;

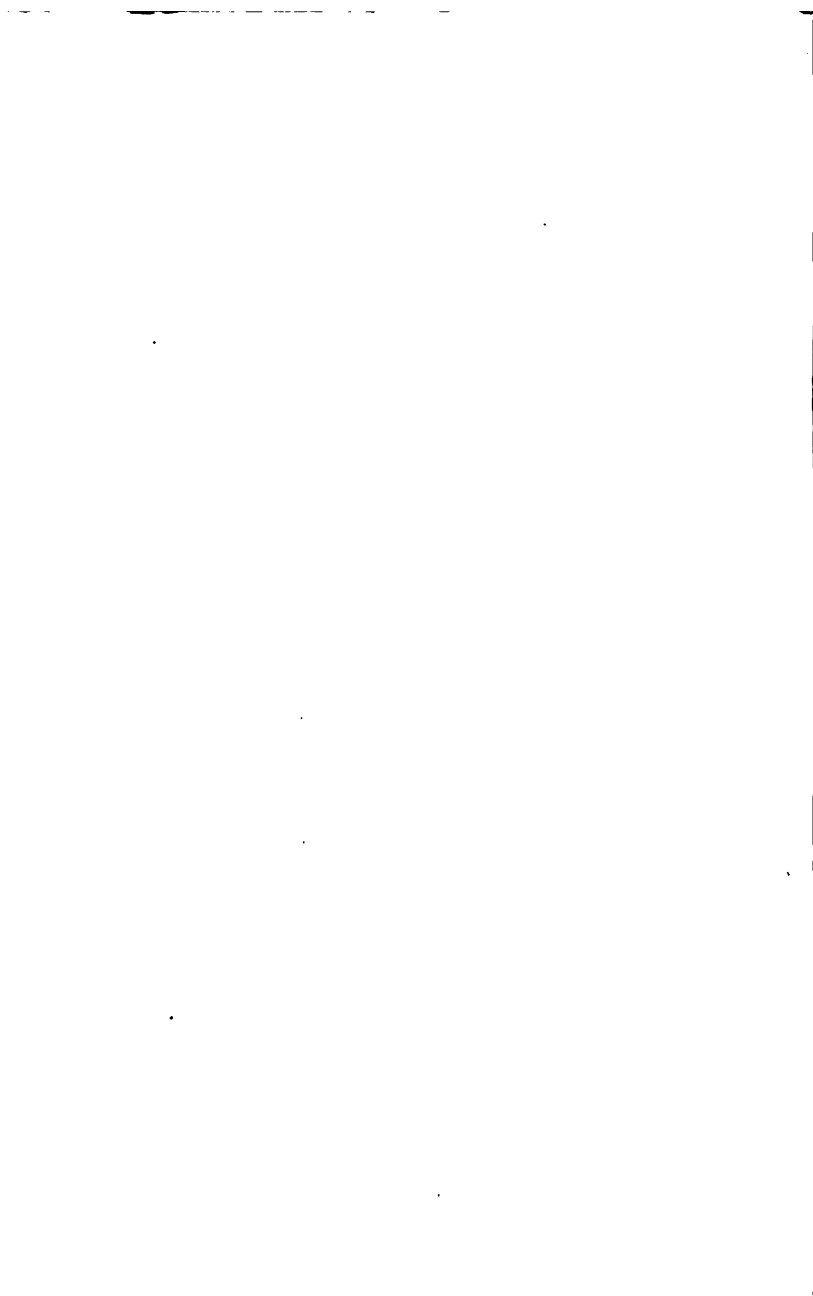
Come, wipe those watery drops away

That in thine eyelids shine ;

Fill for thyself,” the Old Man said,

“ Once more, and pass the wine.”

**LYRICS.**



## LINES

SUGGESTED BY DAVID'S SKETCH OF NAPOLEON ASLEEP IN HIS STUDY.

(Taken shortly before the Battle of Waterloo.)

---

STEAL softly!—for the very room,  
The stately chamber of his rest,  
Imparts a gasping awe and gloom  
Unto the rash intruder's breast—  
Here, kneel and look!—but breathe not, lest  
Thy gross material breath alone  
Should wake that eye's resistless blaze,  
That, like the Last Archangel's gaze,  
Might scorch thee into stone!

He sleeps!—while earth around him reels,  
And Mankind's countless hosts combine  
Against the hastening hour that seals  
Their fate from Lapland to the Line—  
While, like a giant roused from wine,

Grim Europe, starting, watches him,  
The Warrior-Lord of Lodi's field—  
O'er Jena's rout who shook his shield—  
Is hushed in slumber dim !

He sleeps !—The Thunderer of the World  
For once hath, wearied, dropt the bolt,  
Whose stroke split empires up—and hurled  
To dust each purple-mantled Dolt,  
'Mid havoc, ruin, and revolt !  
Lo, lulled like baby by its nurse,  
The Imperial Eagle folds that wing  
Quiescent, whose awaking spring  
Shall shake the Universe !

He sleeps ! and silence binds that tone  
Which cleft the Alps' eternal walls,  
And bridged his pathway to a throne  
Above the Avalanche's halls :  
Hark ! how that victor-voice appals  
Pale Austria's battle-line, when first  
He crash'd gaunt Nature's bars asunder,  
And meteor-girt, in flame and wonder,  
Upon Marengo burst !

He sleeps and dreams—Oh, for the sense  
 Of some sublimer sphere, to know  
 Where strays the fierce intelligence  
 Which scourged the nations here below !  
 To the Empyrean doth it go ?  
 And would its wild Ambition strain  
 To grasp the balance of the skies,  
 And systems, suns, and stars comprise  
 In one tremendous reign ?

He dreams and smiles ! The Conqueror's brow,  
 Galled with the Wreath's triumphal pride,  
 Looks grandly calm and placid now,  
 As if young ENGHIEEN never died !  
 As if—Victorious Homicide !  
 The rush of Beresina's stream,—  
 His spectral legions' freezing groans,  
 And icy Russia's forest-moans,  
 Are heard not in that dream !

The plan and pencil in his hand  
 Have drooped, as though their effort failed  
 To draught the crimson sketch he scanned  
 In Fate's vast volume seven-sealed :  
 But Earth shall see the page revealed,

And hear its fiery purport too,  
Until her curdling heart's-blood stops—  
And, carnage-clogged, thy sickle drops  
Outworn, red Waterloo !

He dreams and smiles ! Yon blue-sea prison  
Uncages Fortune's crownèd bird :—  
And France, exulting France, has risen  
Through all her borders, trumpet-stirred !  
He heeds it not—some visioned word  
Hath shown him Ocean's distant wave  
Thundering the moral of his story,  
And rolling boundless as his glory,  
Round St. Helena's grave.

Away, bright Painter ! tell thy frere,  
Self-satisfied Philosophy,  
Whose ready, reasoning tongue would swear,  
That brow of Despot cannot be  
From crested Care one moment free,—  
Tell him thy Life-imparting eye  
NAPOLEON's sleeping hour surveyed,  
And with one deathless glance hath made  
Immortal now *the Lie* !

## TO A FOREST-GNRL.

[WITH A MANUSCRIPT.]

---

IN the hush of pale evening remember the Stranger  
Who watched its sweet star-rise so often with thee ;  
'Twas the hour we first met, when a Mountain-ward ranger  
I lured thy strayed dove from the tall orchard-tree.

How sweet were the thanks of thy diamond eyes sending  
Delight from the depth of their blackness and tears,  
Soft tears of the Child with the Maiden's blush blending,  
—The light weeping of Dawn as red morning appears.

Still verdant in Memory's lone dreams is that valley,  
That held nought less holy than thee and thy bird ;  
Where so oft like a rivulet's musical sally  
Thy hymns the green heart of the wilderness stirred.

June's rose-wreathed wings the fair Earth are enfolding  
All wide as the distance that severs us now—  
But my spirit, each twilight, sits by thee beholding  
Where the winds through the chestnuts are blessing thy brow.

I send thee the wild and the passionate dreamings  
Of Him whose dark lot may not mingle with thine,  
—As soon may the spring's early perfume and gleamings  
With the gloom-followed flash of fierce summer combine.

White Fawn of the Forest ! still bound in thy beauty,  
Through glades where the hunter's rude step may not come,  
Springing gracefully shy from the garlands that Duty  
And Love would fling round thy bright feet as they roam.

## ODE

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

FEB. MDCCCXL.

---

I.

LIFT up your heads, ye glorious gates !

Ye doors, by kings upreared, give way !  
The Imperial Isles' assembled States,  
By Counsel led—where Valour waits,  
And white-stoled Pomp predominates—

Before your thresholds pause to-day,  
Presenting to a Power divine  
The Daughter of their Monarch-line,  
Of laurelled chiefs and leaders sage,  
Wide Ocean's lords from age to age,  
Since first the Norman's brilliant mail  
Flashed through fierce Hastings' battle hail,  
To her great Sire whose Captain died

What time the galleys of his war  
Heaved, victory-rocked, upon thy tide,  
Tremendous Trafalgar :

For evermore their red-cross reign  
Without a rival on the main !  
Nor must the Sea-Kings' branch decrease,  
Nor from their hands the sceptre cease :  
To-day, proud Albion's peerless child,  
Girt by the gallants of her land—  
Earth's mightiest Queen, a maiden mild—  
Shall at the altar stand,  
—And meekly pledge her spousal faith,  
And wear her hope-woven bridal wreath,  
While round the Nations—gladness-filled—  
The trident-armed and thunder-hilled,  
Raise the rejoicing hand.  
Hark to the bursting trumpet's bray,  
As slow the gorgeous ranks unfold  
Above whose far-resplendent way,  
Guarding his banner's floating day,  
The Lion leaps in gold !

## II.

Lift up your heads, ye glorious gates !  
And you, majestic doors, unclose !  
The solemn pomp no longer waits,  
But on in bright succession flows.

No need to ask before whose train  
The stately pursuivants advance,  
Where ring gold spur and knightly chain,  
And tabards gaily glance.  
We pass thee not ungreeted by,  
Thou graceful youth, with pensive eye,  
And forehead not by thought untraced,  
—Thou, with the kingly garter graced ;  
(And if, as courtly babblers say,  
Thou 'st won and worn the poet's bay,  
Perchance thy collar's jewels shine  
To thee with one soft ray the more,  
At thought that He, the bard divine,  
Who couch'd his lance for GERALDINE,  
That badge unsullied bore).  
Pass on—a people's blessings now  
Press like the air upon thy brow,  
And hope prays out that thou may'st be  
Undazzled by thy destiny—  
For when, since empire's game began,  
Did lot so brilliant circle man ?

## III.

Again that regal trumpet pealing !  
And lo, yon radiant pathway down—

Her handmaids Love and Vestal Feeling,  
Her champion old Renown—  
Soft-gleaming through that rosy cloud,  
Where youth, and grace, and beauty crowd,  
Shines forth conspicuous from afar,  
The white-cliffed Island's MORNING STAR!  
And now she lights the purple gloom  
Within the saintly chapel shed,  
Where starry chief, and woman's bloom,  
And wisdom's reverend head,  
In throng compact are ranged around  
From vaulted gallery to the ground.

## IV.

And well might some amid that throng  
Claim portion of the minstrel's song,  
But to his eager vision fast  
Far other shapes are crowding past :  
Yet there is ONE—and who shall raise  
The strain, unmindful of his praise ?—  
The wise in council as in war,  
Who shivered Gaul's imperial shield,  
Still fancy sees each thunder-scar  
Of that stern Flemish field

Upon his front, as when he hurled  
The last red bolt that saved the world.  
Long may a grateful country own  
His aid to temple and to throne !

## v.

That festal trump has ceased to peal  
From arch and portal richly dim—  
Before the mitred priests they kneel ;  
And now the nuptial hymn,  
While its full tide the organ pours,  
With many a solemn close, in choral grandeur soars.  
Far from the minstrel's vision fly  
Attendant dame and sworded peer,  
What shapes of mightier port are nigh ?  
What coldly beauteous eyes are here ?  
Bend from your clouds, ye kingly Dead !  
And, crowned, ye softer Shadows bend !  
Deep-echoing swell the blessing said  
Upon the young anointed head  
Of her, in whom—as yet unwed—  
Your thousand years of glory end !  
See, 'mid your pale and awful ring,  
She bends, a fragile blooming thing !

Like to some fair and kneeling saint  
    Surrounded by cathedral glooms,  
Whom marble Shadows, vast and faint,  
    Are watching from the tombs.  
Stretch forth, dark Cressy's Victor-Lord,  
O'er her thy realm-protecting sword!  
And, Warrior Woman! at the sweep  
    Of whose resistless hand  
Castile's proud navies from the deep  
    Were drifted like the sand,  
On her thy reign's bright years bestow,  
And all thy fortune—save its woe!  
Still round they press: that mournful Bride  
    Who left, reluctant, book and bower  
    To share the momentary power  
And pomp for which she died.  
The Monarch-Boy with aspect pale,  
Is there, a kindred brow to hail.  
And She who, at the moment Hope  
Prepared her glory's page to ope,  
Uncrowned, resigned life's gladness brief,  
And left the Isles to night and grief;  
For her, the favoured, long through years  
    On years, shall Pity wake and Woe,

While flow the bard's melodious tears,  
While BYRON's strains immortal flow.  
See, leaning near, her Sire (in form  
Like to the Greek's Olympian God),  
Before whom Pleasure's rosy charm  
Was spread where'er he trod ;  
Who lived to drain the bitterest sup  
That lurks in Joy's exhausted cup—  
Who died, and with his latest breath  
Left one dread moral, "*This is Death !* "  
To yon meek Maid, if handed down,  
Worth half the brilliants in her crown.

## VI.

But lo ! each Shape of kingly mould—  
Each circling Form, august, has fled !  
Before the Bard again unfold  
The pageant's numbers bright and bold,  
And, from the battered cannon rolled,  
That volley's thunder-crash has told  
The Island Queen is wed !

## LINES

WRITTEN IN THE FIRST BLANK LEAF OF SHELLEY'S POEMS.

---

### TO THE READER.

PAUSE! and before another page you turn,

Let Thought's soft music on your bosom steal,  
And sad, and solemnly—as when the urn

Of some lost Friendship makes its lone appeal—  
Lay by all smiles, they mock the gentle brow  
Of him whose spirit sits beside you now.

Remember here you meet no modish songs—

No courtly canto—no romantic lay—  
Nor sounding sentiments from hollow tongues

That scoff the feelings they profess to sway :  
Remember that a martyr's heart was broken  
To prove the faith within this volume spoken.

To him sweet Poesy was no idle art—

It was his breath and being :—its wild-flowers,  
Fed by the hot rain from his very heart,

Yielded him odorous and enduring powers  
To publish Freedom's love-illuminated laws,  
And he went forth the Apostle of her cause ;—

The mild yet high Apostle ! Ever strong

In eloquence, which levin-like he hurled  
Against those monuments of Fraud and Wrong,  
Whose lengthening shadows desolate the world !  
He lit his lamp at Truth's eternal sun,—  
Enough ! the Many warred against the One !

What boots it now ? Fearless he fought the fight ;

And if he failed, the " Loved Athenian " fell,  
And all, like them, that ever taught the right !

—But the bright time approacheth that shall tell  
If for man's weal he wore, with glorious pain,  
The prophet's robe and poet's wreath in vain :—

What boots it now ? Like April's precious cloud

He scattered beauty on the earth, and past !  
Rome's haunted skies suspend—memorial proud !—  
Their purple curtains o'er his rest at last ;

Where TULLY thundered, BRUTUS triumphed, lie  
All of their fond adorer that could die !

For You whose brow above this volume bendeth,—  
If deeply in your soul implanted springs  
That love of pure and passionate song which lendeth  
Creation half its gorgeous colourings—  
Fly to the green and shadowy solitudes  
That skirt blue brooks 'mid everlasting woods :

There steep your spirit in his lofty themes,  
Replete with rainbow pictures from above—  
And fervid melody, and starry dreams  
—The mortal pantings of immortal Love !  
Then, closing the bright Book, go forth agen,  
Burning, like him, to bless your fallen fellow-men !

## THE SWORD OF THE LAST CONSTANTINE.

---

[“Some six months since, Achmet Pacha, the Intendant of the Palace, and the Sultan’s especial favourite, set out from Constantinople for Odessa, in order to proceed to St. Petersburg, there to conciliate the favour of the new master of Turkey—a title the Russians eagerly arrogate for their Czar. Achmet was laden with jewels and other costly presents, but that to which the vanity of the Russians attaches most value, was an old sword, selected from the ancient Turkish collection, which, with the handle and scabbard covered with precious stones, was sent to Nicholas as the weapon of CONSTANTINE PALEOLOGUS, who died in the breach, when the capital was stormed by Mahomet the Second.”

*Turkish Correspondent of the TIMES, Oct. 1833.*

---

O’ER the golden-domed shrines of imperial Stamboul,  
High rises the morning deliciously cool,  
Till that proud double daylight is burning in smiles  
On blue Marmora’s waters and olive-hid isles.

All Stamboul is astir,—the Imaum’s minaret  
Is scarce hushed from the HU of his godliness yet ;  
When—your brows to the dust ! Achmet Pasha appears  
’Mid the thunder of horse and the lightning of spears !

In a tempest of splendour—with banner and tromp,  
By bazaar and atmeydan is winding his pomp,  
Till it sparkleth away through yon gateway of gold,  
Like a stream in the sunset triumphantly rolled.

He doubtless goes forth the vicegerent of Fate,  
O'er some **THEME** of that despot-dominion, whose state  
Shot the arch of its empire's plenipotent span  
From the summits of Zion to yellow Japan.

May the head of his Highness be lifted ! Not so,  
Achmet Pasha is bound for the Cities of Snow,  
Where the glow of his grandeur will scarce be deemed meet  
To warm him a way to their Autocrat's feet.

By the God-wielded brand of red Beder ! he bears  
The high heir-loom of Empire—the falchion that wears  
The dark hues of that morning its terrors were humbled,  
When the last sceptred Roman's last rampart was crumbled !

He transfers the free blade of unkinged Constantine—  
Who died as can die but the deathless—divine—  
To a son of rude Ruric, that Wasp of the Wave,  
The Slavonian who lent us his epithet—Slave !

O thou, who, though dead, from thy tomb at Maru  
Yet speakest, till tyranny pales in its hue—  
Alp Arslan ! crowned Whelp of red Valour, awaken—  
The strongholds of thy dwindled puissance are shaken !

Once more for the flap of thy flag, Malek Shah,  
That shook wide over terrified Asia its awe !  
Ruthless Soliman,—west from the Euphrates' marge  
Again let thine all-blasting cavalry charge !

For the Wolf of the North, the foul battener in blood,  
Guttled hot from the marsh where a monarchy stood,  
Is panting to couch in his pestilence, where  
The lush grapes of Scutari are purpling the air :

And his hordes will descend like the bloom-killing gale,  
And as crushingly cold as its hurricane-hail,  
To thaw the dull ice from their veins in the zones  
Of the breasts whose white billows are heaving on thrones.

Stern shades of the proud Paleologi, come,  
And when midnight is stone through the broad Hippodrome,  
There pledge to the shroudless Comneni the cup,  
Which the moon-crowned Sultana, like ye, must drink up !

As for *thee*—the Mistitled—frail shadow of God—  
On the Janizar's gore-dabbled turban who trod—  
And who, casting thy Bigot-sires' trammels behind,  
Buckled round thy freed spirit the harness of MIND—

Where *now* is that spirit, Lost Mahmoud the Last ?  
Like the Cross, is the Crescent's supremacy past ?  
Then up ! and let echoing Christendom tell,  
That a Moslem could fall as a Constantine fell !

Ho ! Leopards of Albion, and Lilies of France—  
Let your flags in the breeze of the Bosphorus dance—  
Or, by Allah the Awful ! if late by a sun,  
The Carnatic will pasture the steeds of the Don !

---

#### I SAW HER BUT ONCE.

---

I saw her but once—like the lapse of a stream  
That catches the Lily-Queen's shadowless gleam  
I passed her,—unmingling she moved among crowds,  
As the Evening star's loveliness walketh the clouds.

I saw her advance—with enchanted surprise  
I bowed in the blue brilliant noon of her eyes,  
Whose victorious refulgence forbade me to speak,  
But Idolatry flashed all I felt from my cheek !

I saw her depart—as the crowd hurried on—  
Like the Moon down the Ocean the Graceful was gone !  
On my 'rapt ear the tones of her tender farewell,  
Like the gush of cool waters, in melody fell.

I saw her no more—yet from that holy hour,  
As essential as dew to the perishing flower  
—As the cloudless Aurora to Night at the Pole—  
Is the beam of her beauty and love to my soul.

Starry stranger ! so dazzlingly distant—unknown—  
And observed in thy luminous transit alone ;  
By what fiat supreme must thy brilliancy quiver  
O'er the depths of my darkened existence for ever !

## STANZAS

INSCRIBED TO THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY,

AND SUGGESTED BY A SKETCH IN THE "KEEPSAKE" FOR 1837.

---

"I immediately followed Mademoiselle Rose into the chamber, and was introduced to the mother of Napoleon. Madam Lætitia was at that time *eighty-three* years of age, and never did I see a person so advanced in life with a brow and countenance so beaming with expression and undiminished intelligence; the quietness and brilliancy of her large sparkling eye were most remarkable. She was laid on a snow-white bed in one corner of the room; to which she told me she had been confined for three years. The room was completely hung round with pictures, large, full-length portraits of her family, which covered every portion of the wall. All those of her sons who had attained to the regal dignity were represented in their royal robes; Napoleon, I believe, in the gorgeous apparel he wore at his coronation. . . . She then, seeing us looking earnestly at the magnificent picture of Napoleon, which was hung close to the side of her bed, asked, if we did not admire it; gazing herself at it proudly and fondly, and saying, '*Cela ressemble beaucoup à l'Empereur, oui, cela lui ressemble beaucoup!*' . . . . She then commissioned me to say a thousand, a thousand affectionate things to Lady D. Stuart, and charged me to tell her that she ardently hoped that she would come and pay her a visit in the ensuing winter; adding, with a tone and manner that I shall never forget, so profound and mournful was the impression it made on me: '*Je vous en prie, dites à ma chère Christine que je suis seule ici.*'"—*A Visit to Madam Lætitia, Mother of Napoleon.*

KEEPSAKE, 1837.

---

It was the noon of a Roman day that lit with mellow gloom,  
Through marble-shafted windows deep, a grandly solemn room,  
Where, shadowed o'er with canopy and pillowed upon down,  
An aged Woman lay unwatched—like perishing renown.

No crowned one she ; though, in the pale and venerable grace  
Of her worn cheek and lofty brow, might observation trace—  
And in her dark eye's flash—a fire and energy to give  
Life unto sons, whose sceptre-swords should vanquish all that live.

Strange looked that lady old, reclined upon her lonely bed  
In that vast chamber, echoing not to page or maiden's tread ;  
And stranger still the gorgeous forms, in portraits, that glanced  
round  
From the high walls, with cold bright looks more eloquent than  
sound.

They were her children. Never yet, since, with the prismatic beam,  
Fair Painting brought on rainbow wings its own immortal dream,  
Did one fond mother give such race beneath its smile to glow,  
As they who now back on her brow their pictured glories throw.

Her daughters there—the beautiful!—looked down in dazzling  
sheen !  
One lovelier than the Queen of Love—one crowned an earthly  
queen !  
Her sons—the proud—the Paladins ! with diadem and plume,  
Each leaning on his sceptred arm, made empire of that room !

But, right before her couch's foot, one mightiest picture blazed—  
One form august, to which her eyes unchangingly were raised;—  
A Monarch's, too—and, monarch-like, the artist's hand had  
    bound him  
With jewelled belt, imperial sword, and ermined purple round  
    him.

One well might deem, from the white flags, that o'er him flashed  
    and rolled,  
Where the puissant lily laughed and waved its bannered gold,  
And from the Lombards' iron crown beneath his hand which lay,  
That Charlemagne had burst death's reign and leaped again  
    to day !

How gleamed that awful countenance, magnificently stern !  
In its dark smile and smiting look, Earth's destiny we learn !—  
The laurel simply wreathes his brow, while nations watch its nod,  
As though he scoffed all pomp below the thunderbolts of God.

Such was the scene—the noontide hour—which, after many a  
    year,  
Had swept above the memory of his meteor-like career—  
Saw the mother of the mightiest—**NAPOLEON'S MOTHER**—lie  
With the living dead around her, with the past before her eye !

She saw her son—of whom the Seer in Patmos bare record—  
Who broke one seal—one vial poured—dread Angel of the Lord!  
She saw him shadow earth beneath the terrors of his face,  
And *lived*, and knew that the hoarse sea-mew wailed o'er his  
burial-place.

Yet was she not forgotten :—from every land and wave,  
The noble and free-hearted all, the graceful and the brave  
Passed not her halls unnoticed, but lingering, claimed to pay  
The tribute of their chastened hearts to glory in decay.

And England's gracious Daughter, in that deserted hour,  
Though greatness was thy handmaiden, and genius was thy dower,  
Thou didst not scorn to come in youth and beauty to assuage,  
Albeit for one bright moment brief, that Mother's lonely age.

"I am alone!" she still exclaimed—and haply thou didst say,  
How much our human sympathies were with her far away;  
How much *one* spirit felt with thine, let this rude strain impart,  
Offered in homage, Lady, to thy truthfulness of heart.

## A RECOLLECTION OF MALIBRAN.

[ON HEARING OF HER DEATH.]

---

Crowds in the lighted street !  
And the chariots' crush and roll !  
And the stifling throng as when numbers meet  
With one impulse of soul !  
I plunged into that tide  
As it rushed resistless, where  
The proud theatre's portals wide  
Shook to the stunning air ;

And borne by the living wave,  
Which thundering there heaved in,  
Then broke to calm as in ocean-cave  
The surge resigns its din.  
I sank before the curtained stage  
On which ten thousand eyes  
Were fixed—the soft, the sensual, sage,  
Alike in earnest guise.

Slowly that curtain rose :

A woman there stood lone,  
'Mid a pulseless hush, such as marks the close  
Of some warning trumpet's tone :  
Parted her lips, and from that hour  
My life alone began ;  
And I shuddering bowed, for I felt God's power  
Descending unto man.

That Victress tossed her radiant arm,  
And with melodious shout,  
Wonder, and power, and joy's wild charm,  
Triumphantly gushed out !  
She gazed—and they who caught that gaze,  
Flashing through liquid jet,  
Their fascinated hearts' amaze  
Shall never more forget !

Down rolled her cloudy hair,  
Like midnight loosed at noon,  
And, with drooping head, she bade Despair  
Walk murderous in the moon :  
Sweet Desolation from her lip,  
Fainting, in music spoke,

Till with broken gasp and wringing grip  
Our startled souls awoke !

Love, love is born again !  
Clap thy glad hands, O earth !  
The exulting burst of that choral strain  
Has given the Rose-winged birth !  
Enchantress Queen ! no more !  
Trembling we own thy art ;  
Go, shroud thy glory up before  
We lose all power to part.

\* \* \* \* \*

A cry through the land at night—  
Through strong men's hearts a shiver—  
As though ice had chained, in its rushing might,  
Some world-rejoicing river !  
Back to the depths of Heaven,  
Thou ray from Jehovah's brow,  
That but lit earth's gloom, like the flashing levin  
To deepen the darkness now !

## CHARLES-EDWARD AFTER CULLODEN.

---

"He took a vast delight, when it was a good day, to sit upon a stone that was before the door of the house, with his face turned towards the sun; and when he was entreated to remove from thence, fearing to get a headache, he ordered them to pack about their business—that he knew himself what was good for him better than they could describe—that the sun did him all the good in the world."—*MS. Journal communicated to New Monthly Magazine.*

---

AWAY!—so faithful and so few—

Ye battle-wasted weary band!

Nor, sorrowing thus, within His view

With scrutinizing glances stand.

All that *ye* lost, some foreign land,

Some luckier future day, may give;

Of *his* despair what can ye know?

To lose upon one desperate throw

An empire's chance—and live!

Away!—what right has aught but God,

Or God's archangel lone—the Sun—

To watch upon that barren sod

The black wild waters, one by one,

Of vast Dismay, beat in upon  
His frenzied soul, that would defy  
The bright exulting Face which seems,  
As through yon boundless realm it beams,  
To mock him from the sky.

To mock him from the sky with pomp,  
Lavish as that it once bestowed,  
When to the sound of kingly tromp,  
Through streets with gladness overflowed,  
To solemn Holyrood he rode,  
Where Faith and Love his pillow spread,  
Who now, 'mid desert wanderings,  
The famished heir of hundred kings—  
Lacks where to lay his head!

Again his wrathful brow has faded  
To that calm aspect, sad, sedate,  
That marked his race, for ever shaded  
By the pursuing wing of Fate ;—  
What though the morn of him—thy mate,  
Thou regal sun—like thine arose  
'Mid rack and tempest, he will think  
His splendid evening yet may sink  
Victorious to repose.

Fast as thou climb'st the firmament,  
He drinks, Oh Sun ! thy warmth and light,  
Till through each slack pulse, anguish-spent,  
Hope's golden nectar dances bright—  
Till each far sail that glideth white  
He deems is nearing—nearing yet—  
Freighted with friendly hosts for *him*,  
Fond Dreamer—on whose every limb  
The shambles' price is set !

Poor wanderer !—long thy blistering feet  
May tread far Stornay's iron shore—  
Long may the Arctic's wintry sleet  
'Mid Badenoch's flinty fastness pour  
Its horrors on thy form, before  
The terrors of thy hapless tale  
Voluptuous Louis shall disturb—  
Fretting the indolence superb  
Of roseate Versailles.

Too hard that thou shouldst reap in tears,  
And glean the ghastly harvest in,  
Sown by thy godless sires through years  
Of profligacy, blood, and sin ;

Yet had it been thy lot to win  
The game by thee so bravely played,  
Wouldst *thou*, no learned suspicious Fool—  
No martyr to tyrannic rule—  
No sceptred Monk, have made ?

Bootless the query :—Human heart  
Endured no heavier doom than thine :  
Say, ye pert Aspirants of Art,  
Who painted him, in life's decline,  
The sot—the stupified with wine—  
How many a year of madd'ning mood  
It took to blunt that soul—whose fire  
Could once fierce Cameron's ardour tire—  
Down to decrepitude ?

Yet had he ne'er been wretched, he  
Had missed the glorious light that clings  
Around his mournful memory,  
Dimming the fame of vulgar kings.  
While humour warms and pathos wrings,  
And SCOTT the subject heart shall sway—  
Crownless Ambition's outcast child,  
Thy venturous story's beauty wild  
Shall never know decay !

## SKETCH IN THE OLD BAILEY.

[FROM LIFE.]

---

COURT—"Girl, have you any witnesses to call in your defence?"

PRISONER—"No, your Lordship, I haven't a friend upon the face of the earth."

---

### I.

MEET epitaph for such as thou,  
With wasted frame and drooping brow!  
On whom this instant every eye  
Rains scorn's condensed artillery—  
The clown's coarse laugh—the ribald's leer—  
The juror's state-affecting sneer—  
Th' official's shrug—the counsel's smile  
(Nibbling his idle pen the while)—  
The judge's sly but solemn pun—  
Have all not galled thee, guilty One?  
Thou common mark for shafted mirth—  
Thou wretch, without a friend on earth!

## II.

What 's writ is writ—thou 'st heard thy doom—  
Depart, and give fresh felons room ;  
Hence ! thy allotted time to dwell  
With those who made their bed in hell,  
Beneath thy fierce taskmaster grim,  
To toil with trembling weary limb—  
The long laborious day to curse,  
Yet dread night's sleepless fever worse—  
To chafe and fret till thou attain  
Thy haunts of gin and guilt again ;  
Leper ! from every human hearth  
Cast out, without a friend on earth !

## III.

Thou 'rt gone ;—but yonder greedy gate,  
Again shall lend thee to thy fate—  
Amid thy co-mates' ruffian din  
Once more to shiver and to sin ;  
Through London's midnight streets again  
To plash in winter's killing rain ;  
Stifling that dread sepulchral cough  
That soon or late must cut thee off—

Must give thee, huddled to thy shell  
From some foul garret's fetid cell,  
A home within the grave-yard's girth  
At last, thou friendless on the earth !

## IV.

No Stoic I :—of crime and care  
I've had my birthright's ample share ;  
Yet sooner than possess his heart  
Who, with the fiend's consummate art,  
First lured thee from thy father's cot  
(Perchance in some green sheltered spot),  
And led and left thee, till Despair  
Produced thee bound, a felon, there—  
Sooner—though bribed by jewelled Power—  
Than risk his deathbed's damning hour,  
I'd toil for bread—in misery's dearth—  
Through life, without a friend on earth !

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY,

BY CHALON.

---

“ THROW back the barriers !—Marshal—see

That high above that shout

Herald and trumpet fearlessly

Ring Our defiance out ;

Long as this arm can lift a lance—

This hand a charger rein,

Supreme o'er all yon Lady's glance,

Where Beauty throngs, or pennons dance,

Devoted We maintain !

And knightly spur be hacked from heel,

Reversed his blazon be,

Who, Bright One, in the combat's peal

Strikes feeble stroke for thee !

Back with the barriers !—undismayed

Fling forth our challenge wide !

God, and one lustrous look to aid,

The battle We abide !”

Such, in the Tourney's noble days,  
    Had haply been the guise  
Of errant Minstrel's duteous praise,  
Beneath Her gracious smile, whose gaze  
    Before us shadowed lies—  
But, woe for Beauty and for Bard,  
Those days are gone—the glory-starred !  
For Roland's horn of dreadful tone  
We hear the Knightsbridge bugles blown,  
And the sole Fields of Cloth of Gold  
Are by veracious Robins sold.  
Nothing through earth or ocean's range  
But suffers dull disastrous change,  
Save Woman's radiant looks that beam,  
    As ages back they beamed,  
When Sydney wove his starry dream,  
    And Surrey's falchion gleamed.  
O blessed boon—though vanished long  
Those stately times of sword and song—  
Still blooms—though low the Shaft is laid—  
The loved Acanthus undecayed.—  
We drink deep faith from yonder face  
    That, though the sterner powers  
Of Chivalry are gone—its grace  
    And gladness still are ours.

DEATH-CHANT FOR THE SULTAN MAHMOUD.

MDCCCXXXIX.



I.

RAISE the song to the Mighty !

Whose glory shall die

When the Moon of his empire

Has dropped from the sky ;

And if wail be awakened

For him who smote down

Grim Bigotry's Moloch—

Guilt's bloody renown—

Be it lost in the trumpet's

Magnificent woe,

From the Bosphorus swelling,

To Christendom telling

That the fiery Rome-tramplers'

Descendant is low !

II.

By the Prophet ! remember  
 His terrible mirth,  
 When he swept the Janitzars  
 As stubble from earth ;  
 On the domes of Sophia  
 Like midnight he stood,  
 The Avenger of Selim's  
 And Mustapha's blood !  
 Red dogs of rebellion,  
 With tearing and yell  
 And chained valour's despair,  
 In their own savage lair,  
 Mowed down beneath cannon  
 And carbine they fell.

III.

Raise the song to the Mighty !  
 High Mahmoud—whose stroke  
 In a moment the fetters  
 Of centuries broke !  
 Far kings of the West,  
 How your trophies grow dim

In the light of the fame  
 That awaiteth for him !  
 The contemner of Korans,  
 Who, girded by foes,  
 The Ark of Salvation  
 First launched for his nation,  
 When The Press 'mid the curses  
 Of fanatics rose.

## IV.

Hu Alla—hu Alla !  
 The blest caravan  
 Is in sight from Damascus,  
 And Mecca is wan—  
 Shiek and Imam are trembling  
 With terror and awe  
 For this Cadmus of Caliphs  
 Has laughed at the Law :  
 Fair Painting must sully  
 The Prophet's proud tomb—  
 For Athenè, not loth,  
 Has left Greece to the Goth,  
 And planted her arts-shading  
 Olive in Roum.

## v.

In vain, Ghazi-Sultaun !  
 When Pera's sweet shore  
 In the blue of Propontis  
 Is rosy no more—  
 When Olympus no longer  
 On Thrace looks abroad,  
 And the name of the Frank  
 Shall not signify fraud—  
 Then the slaves shall be worthy  
 The war-vest, and then,  
 When thy spirit imparts  
 To their recreant hearts  
 Its grandeur, thy Horse-tails  
 May flap over men.

## vi.

Sound the trump for the Mighty !  
 Great Allah, thy son  
 With Azrel the angel  
 Unsparring, is gone !  
 While round his shrunk borders  
 The thunder was growling,

And the Muscovite wolves  
 Thickly herded were howling,  
 And snuffing the gales  
 That, refreshingly cool,  
 On their merciless thirst  
 In wild redolence burst,  
 Where, bulwarked in gold,  
 Blush the brides of Stamboul.

## VII.

Sound the trump for the Mighty !  
 He died ere the tramp  
 Of the terror-horsed Tartar  
 Who dashed from the camp,  
 Stayed his soul with the tale  
 That his dastardly hordes  
 Lay reaped upon Nekshib,  
 Where sickles were swords !  
 And the Lords of the Spear's  
 Haughty kingdom has past  
 To the Rebel and Hun !  
 And the death-song is done :  
 But thy praise shall not perish,  
 Lost Mahmoud the Last !

## LINES—UPON LETTERS.

---

“ In his last hours, as he opened a note which his servant brought to him, he said, ‘ *An odd thought strikes me ; we shall receive no letters in the grave.* ’ ”—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.

---

YEs—'mid the unutterable dread  
With which both Flesh and Spirit shrink,  
When the stern Angel of the Dead  
Impels us to the Future's brink—  
While all is hurry, doubt, dismay,  
Life's footing crumbling fast away,  
And sins, long silent, dark and fell,  
Across the memory flitting yell,  
Even then that Sage's transient thought  
Some pangs at least the soul can save,  
For be what may our awful lot,  
No letters reach us in the grave.

Letters from Home—we're spared at last  
A longing, lingering watch to keep,  
And when the expected post is past  
And brings them not, to shrink and weep,  
And count how many hours remain  
Before that post comes round again :  
Or bitterer still to break the seals,  
Sick for the love no line reveals,  
Striving to wrest cold Duty's words  
To heart-born tenderness and truth,  
As if existence' shattered chords  
Could yield the music of our youth !

A Patron's letters ;—never more  
To feel them mock our honest pride,  
With all the bard denounced of yore—  
The curse “in suing long to bide.”  
Never again to know the intense  
And feverish anguish of suspense,  
When the cool, final, brief reply,  
As yet unopened, meets the eye—  
One moment more—and all we dread  
May overwhelm us like a drowning wave ;  
Our doom—hope, health, and fortune fled—  
To drift in darkness to the grave.

No letters *there!*—not even the small  
 Rose-scented one that dared not come  
 By day, but stole at evening's fall,  
 When every tell-tale breeze was dumb,  
 Asking the soul's dark gates of sin  
 To let the Writer's image in.  
 How, when that tiny billet came,  
 Our breath heaved thick, our blood grew flame,  
 As swift we started to assume  
 The muffling cloak and secret knife,  
 And glided down the glen's long gloom,  
 Though Danger dogged our life !

No letters in the grave. We're free  
 From Friendship's smooth effusions *there*,  
 From Him in whose fidelity  
 As in a jewel-casket rare,  
 The heart was wont in every shock  
 Its secret thoughts, like gems, to lock—  
 The supple knave, who, when dismay  
 And outcry howled around our way,  
 And most our errors asked a guide  
 Was then himself the first to fly,  
 And leave us, plundered, to the wide  
 Remorseless tempest thundering by.

The grave !—when once that goal is won,

Ye lesser agonies adieu !

The daily letter from the dun—

The monthly admonition too,

From Hood or North, regretting much

Our pen grows palsied in its touch,

Or begging henceforth to decline

Our famous things in Dickens' line :

Their reign is o'er, those Kings of men,

True sons of Tonson and of Cave—

No brief epistles need we pen,

Subscribed "*Impransus*"—in the grave.

And Thou—immortal Moralist !

To whom my idlesse owes this rhyme,

Though unto thee no more exist

The clouds, tear-fraught, of earthly time,

Oh, 'midst the prate of modern fools,

Whose envious spite, by pigmy rules,

Would dare thy mighty mind to span,

And underrate its giant plan,

Couldst thou but mark what strength to bear,

What tameless power, what purpose brave,

Some Few still learn from thy career,

'Twould soothe thee, even beyond the grave.

## STANZAS.

---

### I.

TAKE away that fair goblet—at least for to-night,  
Till my heart is less heavy, my fancy more bright ;  
In the land of the Stranger I pine when I see  
That memento of joys that have perished to me.

### II.

Of the looks I last pledged o'er its luminous brim,  
All are distant, and some of the brightest are dim,  
And this moment the gleams of its silver appear  
Like the flash of the plate on dead Revelry's bier.

### III.

And back from that bier, as I sit in the gloom  
In which Spring's sickly twilight envelops the room,  
Stalks that long-buried Bacchant, and circles my board  
With the shadows of all I have loved and deplored.

## IV.

Again at the banquet we sit, but how mute !  
With the grape in the chalice, the hand on the lute,  
The lips of the lovely apart—but in vain  
May the thirsting heart pant for their musical rain.

## V.

Take away that fair wine-cup !—I 've none with me now  
To laugh back the ruby that reddens its flow—  
It was moulded for Hope's happy meetings with Mirth,  
Not for Passion's pale hermit alone at his hearth.

## OFF USHANT.

---

“ — I shall never forget that morning we made Ushant. I had come on deck at four o'clock to take the morning watch, when to my astonishment I saw the Emperor come out of the cabin at that early hour and make for the poop-ladder. Having gained the deck, pointing to the land, he said, 'Ushant? Cape Ushant?' I replied, 'Yes, Sire,' and withdrew. He then took out a pocket-glass and applied it to his eye, looking eagerly at the land. In this position he remained *from five in the morning to nearly mid-day*, without paying any attention to what was passing around him, or speaking to one of his suite, which had been standing behind him for several hours. No wonder he thus gazed; it was the last look of the land of his glory, and I am convinced he felt it as such. What must have been his feelings in these few hours!"—*Memoirs of an Aristocrat, by a Midshipman of the Bellerophon.*

---

### I.

WHAT of the night, ho ! Watcher there  
Upon the armed deck,  
That holds within its thunderous lair  
The last of Empire's wreck—  
E'en HIM whose capture now the chain  
From captive earth shall smite ;  
Ho ! rocked upon the moaning main,  
Watcher, what of the night ?

## II.

"The stars are waning fast—the curl  
Of morning's coming breeze,  
Far in the north begins to furl  
Night's vapour from the seas.  
Her every shred of canvas spread,  
The proud ship plunges free,  
While bears afar, with stormy head,  
Cape Ushant on our lee."

## III.

At that last word, as trumpet-stirred,  
Forth in the dawning gray  
A silent man made to the deck  
His solitary way.  
And leaning o'er the poop, he gazed  
Till on his straining view,  
That cloud-like speck of land, upraised,  
Distinct, but slowly grew.

## IV.

Well may he look until his frame  
Maddens to marble there ;  
He risked Renown's all-grasping game,  
Dominion or despair—

And lost—and lo, in vapour furled,  
The last of that loved France,  
For which his prowess cursed the world,  
Is dwindling from his glance.

## v.

Rave on, thou far-resounding Deep,  
Whose billows round him roll !  
Thou 'rt calmness to the storms that sweep  
. This moment o'er his soul.  
Black chaos swims before him, spread  
With trophy-shaping bones ;  
The council-strife, the battle-dead,  
Rent charters, cloven thrones.

## vi.

Yet, proud One ! could the loftiest day  
Of thy transcendant power  
Match with the soul-compelling sway  
Which in this dreadful hour  
Aids thee to hide beneath the show  
Of calmest lip and eye  
The hell that wars and works below—  
The quenchless thirst to die ?

## VII.

The white dawn crimsoned into morn—  
The morning flashed to day—  
And the sun followed glory-born,  
Rejoicing on his way—  
And still o'er ocean's kindling flood  
That muser cast his view,  
While round him awed and silent stood  
His fate's devoted few.

## VIII.

He lives, perchance, the past again,  
From the fierce hour when first  
On the astounded hearts of men  
His meteor-presence burst—  
When blood-besotted Anarchy  
Sank quelled amid the glare  
Of thy far-sweeping musketry,  
Fame-fraught Vendémiaire !

## IX.

And darker thoughts oppress him now—  
Her ill-requited love,  
Whose faith as beauteous as her brow  
Brought blessings from above—

Her trampled heart—his darkening star—  
The cry of outraged Man—  
And white-lipped Rout, and wolfish War,  
Loud thundering on his van.

## x.

O for the sulphurous eve of June,  
When down that Belgian hill  
His bristling Guards' superb platoon  
He led unbroken still !  
*Now*, would he pause, and quit their side  
Upon destruction's marge,  
Nor king-like share with desperate pride  
Their vainly-glorious charge ?

## xi.

No—gladly forward he would dash  
Amid that onset on,  
Where blazing shot and sabre-crash  
Pealed o'er his empire gone—  
There, 'neath his vanquished eagles tost,  
Should close his grand career,  
Girt by his heaped and slaughtered host !  
He lived—for fetters *here* !

## XII.

Enough—in noon-tide's yellow light  
Cape Ushant melts away—  
Even as his kingdom's shattered might  
Shall utterly decay—  
Save when his spirit-shaking story,  
In years remotely dim,  
Warms some pale minstrel with his glory  
To raise the song to HIM.

TO AN EMIGRANT LADY.

---

Why dost thou gaze on me so oft ?

I cannot follow now !

It would be crime—a double death

To follow by forbidden path.

DELTA.

---

I.

ADIEU ! adieu ! In secret now

My spirit sore must chide

The grief that fain would sear my brow,

Despite of all my pride.

But none shall tell, for none shall know

The wasting agony of woe

This heart must learn to hide,

Though still remembering that we met,

To love—to sever—and forget.

## II.

*Forget thee*—ay—let Lethé out  
Upon my senses roll—  
Or be the Hebrew Ruler's doubt  
Proved groundless to my soul ;  
To whence it came let it depart,  
And its existence newly start  
Once more from Being's goal ;  
Then in *that* second sinful race  
Of *this* and thee shall live no trace.

## III.

But until soul and sense be sunk  
In mute forgetfulness,  
The maddening draught of love I've drunk  
To passion's wild excess,  
—More sweet 'mid sorrowing and shame  
Than if the world around us came  
To brighten and to bless—  
Shall leave a fever in this brain  
Assuaging years would cool in vain.

## IV.

Adieu, adieu !—the scathèd bough  
When riven from its tree,  
Parts not more hopelessly than now  
I sever wide from thee—  
Nor differs more May's morning light  
From Winter's wild December night  
Than our fates disagree !  
Blighted or blest may be thy lot,  
All one to me,—I share it not.

## V.

Thou nameless, guileless, guiltless One,  
Whose smile to me was woe !  
How my heart heaves to think upon  
Thy fortune here below !  
Shall this our distant northern clime  
Behold the cold, slow hand of Time,  
O'er thy young beauty go,  
Or must our green isle's verdure wave  
O'er—love's sole rest—thine early grave ?

## VI.

No—even the cherished recompense  
Of weeping o'er the clay  
That shrouds thy love's omnipotence,  
Fate to me will not pay—  
Far, far where wide Ohio's floods  
Sweep through Kentucky's twilight woods,  
Thy life shall wane away—  
Till like some lute's last parting tone,  
It sinks in sweetness all its own.

## VII.

And should I learn in after years  
Thy destiny was blest,  
That thou went'st through this vale of tears  
Caressing and caressed ;  
Or, different far, that thy young life,  
With the chill world's unfeeling strife,  
Was to the last opprest—  
Warm tears shall be my sole reply,  
When none but night and grief are by.

## VIII.

Yes, tears—soul-starting and heart-wrung—  
Should happiness be thine,  
To think thy destiny was flung  
So wide away from mine ;  
And tears, should the rude shock of fate  
Leave thy lone heart, all desolate,  
O'er vanished days to pine—  
To feel how Hope once lit our eyes  
With dreams she dared not realize.

## IX.

Adieu, adieu !—no breeze shall spring  
Hereafter from the sea,  
But I will fancy on its wing  
It wafts a sigh to me  
From that dear lip, whose last pure prayer  
To Heaven shall be, to meet me where,  
Through bright Eternity,  
Are linked those hearts and souls, above,  
Who loved on earth while life could love !

## ODE ON THE CEREMONIAL AT WINDSOR,

25TH JANUARY, 1842.

---

### I.

BOLDLY brilliant from afar,  
Like a mountain-lifted star—  
Like a splendour from the sun,  
Splinter'd when the west was won—  
Like a land-awakening flame,  
Summoning to fight and fame—  
WINDSOR, from its stately height,  
Sheds a glory through the night,  
Banishing from winter's plain  
Half the horrors of his reign !  
See, where winding far below,  
Thames has caught the rosy glow,  
As the radiance gleams along  
Towers and trees of holy song,  
Distant Eton's antique towers,  
Windsor's fadeless forest-bowers :—

Now the lustre has revealed  
Solemn scene as verse e'er vaunted—  
The dusky slope of that Immortal Field  
By spectral memories of the Mighty haunted—  
Their memories who—a stern, devoted band—  
Upon that spot tyrannic fraud defied,  
Flung out their pennons, bared each battle-brand,  
And met the bursting of Oppression's tide,  
And, like a bulwark, rolled it back and said,  
“Here shall thy billows, Sceptred Power, be stayed !”

## II.

Ye shadowy Barons ! Chieftains grim !  
Fit to be Fathers of the Free !  
'Tis joy upon that meadow dim  
To crowd your phantom chivalry—  
And deem yon broad triumphal blaze  
Glares not unwelcome on your gaze :  
The kingly Race you curbed not quelled  
Through good and ill your CHARTER held—  
For well your sons from age to age  
Preserved the glorious heritage :  
If Albion then yon flame may view  
With joy to-night—high praise to You !

Those lights—no fear-watched, boding sign  
 To plundered burgher, trampled boor—  
 From the old Norman's towers that shine,  
 Where princes pledge the festal wine,  
 Announce the Norman's tameless line  
 Shall like his towers endure !

## III.

Hark, borne afar on breezy swells,  
 How LONDON peals her jocund bells !  
 Joy to the Land ! Its fair-haired Daughter,  
 The sea-kings' long-descended child—  
 Whose youth, o'er waves of ebbing slaughter,  
 Rose like the Bow of Promise mild,  
 The symbol of approaching years  
 Undimmed by blood, unstained by tears,—  
 She whose slight grasp might scarce sustain  
 The dreadful trident of the main,  
 Did not Renown and patriot Pride  
 Like couching lions guard her side—  
 Even she earth's human lot has shared,  
 The depths of love and anguish dared,  
 Has felt death's clouds dissolve in joy,  
 And wept meek woman's tears above her first-born boy.

## IV.

Night melts to morn, and rapture's smiles  
The gloom of doubtful Fear have riven—  
Unto the people of the isles  
A Child is born, a Son is given !  
And now where o'er yon topmost tower  
St. George's standard greets the breeze,  
(Its comrade true who on the seas  
Has piped its battle-kindling power  
Through thrice a hundred victories,)   
While with acclaiming cannon rent  
Resounds each hoary battlement,  
By herald's cry, and blast of tromp,  
The land has marshalled all its pomp,  
There, thronged in one illustrious show,  
Rank, beauty, wisdom, valour, go  
Before God's altar undefiled  
To lay that hope-encircled Child,  
And with exulting hymn and prayer  
Enroll him Christ's true soldier there.  
Naming him with a name, that heard  
In after years, the listener's brow  
Will brighten, and the heart be stirred  
As Alfred's, Edward's stirs it now

## v.

And lo !—the shrine before them—  
 They pause, the centre of resplendent crowds,  
 While, like a firmament of sunset clouds,  
     The purple-bannered aisles are bending o'er them,  
         In this contrasting hour  
         Of feebleness and power,  
 As o'er that infant, with uplifted hands,  
 In act to bless, the solemn prelate stands,  
         Winged Watchers of the skies !  
         Bid, to the dazzled eyes  
 Of Him who dares to grasp the lyre,  
         Whose shattered long-neglected chords  
         Once echoed the immortal words  
 That gushed from SPENCER's soul or DRYDEN's lips of fire,  
     —The Future's cloudy portals open fly !  
         Grant him that Boy's yet dateless reign to read—  
 To grasp the shadows gliding slowly by  
         Of many a coming fame and high heroic deed !  
         Give him to know who o'er the plain  
         Of shouting ocean yet shall sweep—  
         King Albert's ensign at the main—  
         The SECOND NELSON of the Deep !

Or who o'er Gaul again shall wield  
Dead WELLINGTON's tremendous shield ;  
And when the hurricane has past  
That round his country burst and raved,  
Like WELLINGTON, shall to the last  
In council serve the throne he saved !  
Vain is the minstrel's wish, as bold—  
The Unknown's dread gates keep fast their fold ;  
Yet may the raptured Fancy see  
The greatness pre-ordained to be.  
And thou who left'st broad PRUSSIA's sway  
To pledge thy faith for him to-day !  
We take thy gage, that England's heir  
His distant diadem shall wear  
Worthy of thee, the friend from youth  
Of the unconquerable Truth—  
Worthy his sire's great fathers—those  
Beneath whose buckler's generous shade  
The Moses of the Gentiles rose  
In LUTHER's dauntless form arrayed.  
—That in his realm, as now in thine,  
Long-drooping art shall cease to pine—  
And outcast taste and genius *then*  
Be seen in Britain's court again !

So shall his bright propitious time  
 Be sung by future bards sublime,  
 Whose proud, unpurchasable lays  
     Poured from the harp-strings boldly free,  
 Shall teach the world that princes' praise  
     Best soars in hymns to liberty.  
 Then, Sceptred BRANDENBURG, thy name  
     In memory still shall blend with his,  
 As year on year his gathering fame  
     Redeems thy promises !

## VI.

Go now—the choral waves that roar  
 From the vast Organ's pealing shore  
 In melody, proclaim the gorgeous rite is o'er—  
 Frank-hearted Monarch—go—receive,  
 All besides love the land can give !  
 Belt to thy side the knightly sword—  
     St. George's garter to thy knee,  
 And dearer be thy knightly word  
     Than empire's orb to thee !  
 Still let that Order's rules, o'er state  
 And lust of power predominate—  
 And oh ! hereafter, may the vow  
 Of mercy thou hast taken now

With thee for hapless Poland plead—  
Break not the already bruised reed !  
(Since to thy race, mysterious Heaven  
Share in that monstrous crime has given.)  
So may the tearless olive round  
Thy cheerful temples still be found  
Pure from the war-cloud's sulphurous gloom,  
Unlike His red, disastrous doom,  
Whose fate we saw so lately dart  
Its shafted moral to thy heart.  
So may thy calm protracted course,  
Like some majestic river's force,  
Wind bright and tranquil to that main  
Where slaves and sovereigns cease to suffer and to reign !

## LINES

IN AN ALBUM TO WHICH LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON HAD  
BEEN A CONTRIBUTOR.

---

As certain pilgrims bound of yore  
To far Judea's sacred shore  
Were vowed a rosary to say  
At every shrine upon their way,  
So from the Bard a verse seems due,  
Each time an Album meets his view.  
Here, then, a wandering minstrel, weary  
With life's long journey dim and dreary,  
Pauses amid the desert waste  
To hail this shelter spread for Taste,  
And bless the fair and graceful powers  
That gathered here Wit's scattered flowers,  
And strewed these leaves with fancies bright,  
And won sweet poesy to pour  
Such freshness o'er them that the wight  
Now scribbling, shrinks from scribbling more.

Yet, ere I part each favoured leaf,  
Where Genius looked, and left a spell.

How can this heart repress its grief  
While lingering o'er yon record brief  
Of her the lost—the loved so well ?  
The radiant Lady of the Lute !

The fire-lipped Sappho of the Isles !  
And, is the Queen of Music mute,  
Who woke our tears and smiles ?

Immortal Passion's priestess, wo  
To us to whom thy songs shall be  
But springs in bitterness to flow

Above thy lucid memory :  
For, as we point to all thou'st done,  
Remembrance of thine early fate  
Will count what wreaths were left unwon  
Till Grief grows desolate !

Strange fate ! fierce Afric's ocean laves,  
Or leaps in thunder by the bed,

And Afric's sultry palm-tree waves  
Above the gentle head

Of HER, who deep should take her rest  
Fa' in her own belovèd west,—  
In some green nook,—some violet dell,  
Beneath the rose she sang so well,

Soothed by the lull of some sweet river,  
Sparklingly pure and bright, like her, the Lost for Ever !

## FANCIES ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

---

### I.

*"Something to burn the Guy!"* they cried,  
Those tiny boys, while far and wide  
Laughed the long street—as on they bore  
Their monster-doll from door to door—  
A hunch-back thing—a figure squat,  
In Punch's paunch and pointed hat;  
By children's tawdry taste arrayed  
With rags, red-lead, and ochre's aid;—  
*"Something to burn the Guy!"* they cried,  
While rang the street with laughter wide.

### II.

And this poor scare-crow mark for fun  
Is the sole memory left of ONE  
Who—granting all that party rage  
Has penned in history's doubtful page—  
If but one moment's dread delay  
Gave stern resolve its fatal sway,

Had blotted with hell's deepest dye  
The sun in the affrighted sky,  
And left the thunder-shaken earth  
A name to wither up her mirth,  
As long as Fear shall fetter slaves—  
Or round white Albion ocean raves.  
Dreadful enthusiast—in whose crime,  
As fiercely sinful as sublime,  
Dull senseless centuries seem to see  
But theme for gibes and mockery—  
To me that mime grotesque has brought  
A weight of sad and solemn thought,  
Black with the sense of countless years,  
Through which, amid its bonds and tears,  
Mid every curse flagitious king  
And sworded fraud on millions bring,  
A trampled people's mournful song  
Arose—" Oh, Freedom's God—how long ?"—  
Wild fancies, too, of woodland scenes,  
An antique study dim, where leans  
O'er Sallust's page or Curtius' tale  
A lonely dreaming youth, whose pale  
And thoughtful beauty, glorious brow,  
Yon urchin-mob so libels now.

## III.

Be far from me the wish to plead  
One thought extenuant of his deed—  
’Twas death-deserving—failure, fame,  
To him, the self-doomed, was the same—  
Seized or successful, still he knew  
His life for life was justly due—  
He failed and perished ; and no less  
Had perished in his dire success ;  
But with this difference—dying, then,  
As one endeared to daring men,  
Who sealed the cause for which he stood  
(Nor more could Brutus) with his blood.  
He failed, and o’er his memory years  
Fly scoffing now with brutal jeers,  
Until of Faction’s martyr lives  
No thought but what yon Puppet gives !

## IV.

Fore-doomed One ! in that frightful hour  
That gave thee fettered up to Power ;  
When round thee thronged, with aspect fell,  
The slaves scarce half-escaped from hell—

Prepared, with smiles, to stretch for thee  
The rack's delirious agony—  
What more than all the thousand pangs  
That round thee bared their ghastly fangs,  
Shook thy calm soul and cloudless brow,  
That never shook or shrank till now ?  
Not thoughts of how thy spirit toiled  
Untired—devoted—to be foiled ;  
Not the sad presage that the land  
Which dreamed of freedom at thy hand  
Was left but deeper now to pine  
Beneath the curse of " Right Divine."  
No, 'twas that maddening sense which told  
That still as ages onward rolled,  
Thy cause long quelled, the bigot's pen  
Alone would paint thee unto men  
With each dark tint that ready lie  
And fact-distorting hate supply,  
Until thy once fair name should be  
On earth a monstrous memory,  
A hissing, a reproach, and last,  
Yon baby's bugbear that has past.

## v.

Yet haply higher feelings came,  
Mingled with that "soul-stifling shame,"  
Far Pisgah-prospects of a time  
When, slowly brightening out of crime,  
A better race of men would rise  
Beneath freed England's bracing skies,  
Whose thoughtful spirits still would pause,  
And, mournful, question of thy cause ;  
And love to trace some spark in thee  
Of that immortal energy  
Which bade, of old, Hipparchus know  
For what a despot's myrtles blow—  
Men who could plead for him who gave  
Life's glorious sunshine for the grave ;  
And pondering o'er that priceless cost  
Which, gain or grieve who might, he lost,  
His hapless country's rights to win—  
Would, by her slavery, weigh his sin.

## THE DISINTERMENT.

---

### I.

Lost Lord of Song ! who grandly gave  
Thy matchless timbrel for the spear—  
And, by old Hellas' hallowed wave  
Died at the feet of Freedom—hear :  
Hear—from thy lone and lowly tomb,  
Where 'mid thy own " inviolate Isle,"  
Beneath no minster's marble gloom,  
No banner's golden smile,  
Far from the swarming city's crowd,  
Thy glory round thee for a shroud,  
Thou sleepest,—the pious rustic's tread  
The only echo o'er thy bed,  
Save, few and faint, when o'er the foam  
The Pilgrims of thy genius come,  
From distant earth, with tears of praise,  
The homage of their hearts to raise,  
And curse the country's very name,  
Unworthy of thy sacred dust,

That draws such lustre from thy fame,  
    That heaps such outrage on thy bust !  
Wake from the Dead—and lift thy brow  
With the same scornful beauty now,  
As when beneath thy shafts of pride  
Envenomed CANT—the Python—died !  
Prophet no less than Bard, behold  
Matured the eventful moment, told  
In those divine predictive words,  
Poured to thy lyre's transcendent chords :—  
“ IF E’ER HIS AWFUL ASHES CAN GROW COLD—  
BUT NO, THEIR EMBERS SOON SHALL BURST THEIR MOULD —  
————— FRANCE SHALL FEEL THE WANT  
OF THIS LAST CONSOLATION, THOUGH BUT SCANT.  
HER HONOUR, FAME, AND FAITH DEMAND HIS BONES,  
TO PILE ABOVE A PYRAMID OF THRONES ! ”  
If, then, from thy neglected bier,  
One humblest follower thou canst hear,  
O Mighty Master ! rise and flee,  
    Swift as some meteor bold and bright,  
With me thy cloud, attending thee,  
    Across the dusky tracts of night,  
To where the sunset's latest radiance shone  
    O'er Afric's sea interminably lone.

## II.

Below that broad unbroken sea  
Long since the sultry sun has dropped,  
And now in dread solemnity  
—As though its course Creation stopped  
One wondrous hour, to watch the birth  
Of deeds portentous unto earth—  
The moonless midnight far and wide,  
Solidly black, flings over all  
That giant waste of waveless tide  
Her melancholy pall,  
Whose folds in thickest gloom unfurled,  
Each ray of heaven's high face debar,  
Save, on the margin of the World  
Where leans yon solitary star,  
Large, radiant, restless, tinting with far smile  
The jagged cliffs of a gray barren Isle.

## III.

Hark! o'er the waves distinctly swell  
Twelve slow vibrations of a bell!  
And out upon the silent ear  
At once ring bold and sharply clear,

With shock more startling than if thunder  
Had split the slumbering earth asunder,  
The iron sounds of crow and bar ;

Ye scarce may know from whence they come,  
Whether from Island or from Star,

Both lie so hushed and dumb !  
On, swift and deep, those echoes sweep,  
Shaking long-buried Kings from sleep—  
Up, up ! ye sceptred Jailers—ho !

Your granite heaped HIS head in vain ;  
The very grave gives back your foe—

Dead Cæsar wakes again !  
The Nations, with a voice as dread

As that which once in Bethany  
Burst to the regions of the dead  
And set the Loved-one free,  
Have cried, " COME FORTH ! " and lo ! again,  
To smite the hearts and eyes of men  
With the old awe he once instilled  
By many an unforgotten field,  
Napoleon's look shall startle day—

That look that, where its anger fell,  
Scorched empires from the earth away

As with the blasts of hell !

## IV.

Up—from the dust, ye sleepers, ho !

By the blue Danube's stately wave—  
From Berlin's towers—from Moscow's snow,  
And Windsor's gorgeous grave !

Come—summoned by the omnific power,  
The Spirit of this thrilling hour—  
And, stooping from yon craggy height,  
Girt by each perished Satellite,  
Each cunning tool of kingly terror  
Who served your reigns of fraud and error,  
Behold, where with relentless lock  
Ye chained Prometheus to his rock,  
And, when his tortured bosom ceased  
Your vulture's savage beak to feast,  
Where fathom-deep ye dug his cell,

And built and barred his coffin down,  
Half doubting if even death could quell

Such terrible renown ;  
Now 'mid the torch's solemn glare,  
And bended knee, and muttered prayer,  
Within that green sepulchral glen  
Uncovered groups of warrior men

Breathless perform the high behest  
Of winning back, in priceless trust,  
For the regenerated West,  
Your victim's mighty dust.  
Hark ! how they burst your cramps and rings—  
Ha, ha ! ye banded, baffled kings !

## v.

Stout men ! delve on with axe and bar,  
Ye're watched from yonder restless star :  
Hew the tough masonry away—  
Bid the tomb's ponderous portals fly !  
And firm your sounding levers sway,  
And loud your clanking hammers ply ;  
Nor falter though the work be slow,  
Ye something gain in every blow,  
While deep each heart in chorus sings,  
“ Ha, ha ! ye banded, baffled kings ! ”  
Brave men ! delve on with axe and bar,  
Ye're watched from yonder glorious star.

## vi.

'Tis morn—the marble floor is cleft,  
And slight and short the labour left ;

'Tis noon—they wind the windlass now  
To heave the granite from His brow :  
Back to each gazer's waiting heart  
The life-blood leaps with anxious start—  
Down Bertrand's cheek the tear-drop steals—  
Low in the dust Las Cases kneels,  
(Oh ! Tried and Trusted—still, as long  
    As the true heart's fidelity  
Shall form the theme of harp and song,  
    High Bards shall sing of ye !)  
One moment,—and thy beams, O sun !  
The bier of Him shall look upon,  
Who, save the Heaven-expelled, alone  
Dared envy thee thy blazing throne ;  
Who haply oft, with gaze intent,  
    And sick from victory's vulgar war,  
Panted to sweep the firmament,  
    And dash thee from thy car,  
And cursed the clay that still confined  
His narrow conquests to mankind.

## VII.

'Tis done—his chiefs are lifting now  
The shroud from that tremendous brow,

That with the lightning's rapid might  
Illumed Marengo's awful night—  
Flashed over Lodi's murderous bridge,  
Swept Prussia from red Jena's ridge,  
And broke once more the Austrian sword  
By Wagram's memorable ford.  
And may Man's puny race, that shook  
Before the terrors of that look,  
Approach unshrinking now, and see  
How far corruption's mastery  
Has tamed the Tyrant-tamer ?

Raise

That silken cloud, what meets the gaze ?  
The scanty dust, or whitening bones,  
Or fleshless jaws' horrific mirth,  
Of Him whose threshold-steps were thrones,  
A mockery now to earth ?  
No—even as though his haughty clay  
Scoffed at the contact of decay,  
And from his mind's immortal flame  
Itself immortalised became,  
Tranquilly there NAPOLEON lies revealed,  
Like a king sleeping on his own proud shield,

Harnessed for conflict, and that eagle-star,  
Whose fire-eyed Legion foremost waked the war,  
Still on his bosom, tarnished too and dim,  
As if hot battle's cloud had lately circled him.

## VIII.

Fast fades the vision—from that glen  
Wind slow those aching-hearted men,  
While every mountain echo floats,  
Filled with the bugle's regal notes—  
And now the guns' redoubled roar  
Tells the lone peak and mighty main,  
Beneath his glorious Tricolor  
Napoleon rests again !  
And France's galley soon the sail  
Shall spread triumphant to the gale ;  
Till, lost upon the lingering eye,  
It melts and mingles in the sky.

## IX.

Let Paris, too, prepare a show,  
And deck her streets in gaudy woe ;  
And rear a more than kingly shrine,  
Whose tapers' blaze shall ne'er be dim,

And bid the sculptor's art divine

Be lavished there for HIM,

And let him take his rest serene,

(Even so he willed it) by the Seine ;

But ever to the poet's heart,

Or pilgrim musing o'er those pages

(Replete with marvels) that impart

His story unto Ages,

The spacious azure of yon sea

Alone his minster floor shall be,

Coped by the stars—red evening's smile

His epitaph ; and thou, rude Isle,

Austerely-browed and thunder rent,

Napoleon's only monument !

**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**

“ Dans le calme, dans le bonheur, la vie est un travail facile ; mais on ne sait pas combien, dans l'infortune, de certaines pensées, de certains sentimens qui ont ébranlé votre cœur, font époque dans l'histoire de vos impressions solitaires.”

MAD. DE STAEL. *Sur la Littérature.*

TO A PORTRAIT.

---

I LEFT thy side, pale, pictured Girl,  
In early erring youth—  
I washed away in passion's whirl  
The memory of thy truth—  
Yet in her myrtle-curtained bowers,  
Tho' Circè hushed my head on flowers,  
She could not hide, in sooth,  
Thy visioned eyes, whose mournful blue  
Like summer-night still glistened through.

I dashed Deliciousness away,  
And mingled in the world—  
I wrought where Commerce, day by day,  
His giant flag unfurled ;  
Yet still I labour lost and health—

Lost all but the remembered wealth  
Of thy dear ringlets curled,  
That round me once their lustrous gold  
In coils of bright profusion rolled.

I rushed to Revelry, and drowned  
In wine the wings of Time—  
I twined the grape my temples round  
From parting day to prime—  
Oh ! mournful mirth ! how oft I hid  
My dancing eyes, for still amid  
The goblet's silvery chime  
Came thy soft voice upon my ear,  
All coldly sad, but sweetly clear.

I shunned Day's yellow shine, and turned  
Unto my darling books—  
Again o'er sage and bard I burned  
With solitary looks ;  
But vain was all my Vigil deep—  
For when the world was hushed in sleep,  
From out the chamber's nooks  
Thy form, as once, would meekly glide,  
And read the volume at my side.

I fled to Nature—in far woods  
I piped with Father Pan,  
Stretched by the tiny azure floods  
So pleasantly that ran ;  
But as they ran their rippling ever  
Murmured of our dear native river,  
Until my thoughts began  
To tell of days when at thy feet,  
Life, like that water, glided sweet.

The sky's now sad—now sunny scenes  
Chequer yon fountain fair—  
The marble nymph that o'er it leans  
Is glassed for ever there.  
Thus, MARY, through the calm, or strife,  
Or gloom, or gladness of my life,  
Pale Angel of Despair,  
I find thy form, bright, silent, chill,  
Within this heart reflected still.

## VIEW ON THE HUDSON.

---

### I.

SOUND to the sun thy solemn joy for ever !

Roll forth the enormous gladness of thy waves,  
'Mid boundless bloom, thou bright majestic River,

Worthy the giant land thy current laves !  
Each bend of beauty,—from the stooping cliff,  
Whose shade is dotted by the fisher's skiff,—  
From rocks embattled, that, abrupt and tall,  
Heave their bulk skyward like a castle-wall,  
And hem thee in, until the Rapids hoarse  
Split the huge marble with an earthquake's force—  
To where thy waves are sweet with summer scents,  
Flung from the Highlands' softer lineaments—  
Each lovelier change thy broadening billows take,  
Now sweeping on, now like some mighty lake,  
Stretching away where evening-tinted isles  
Woo thee to linger 'mid their rosy smiles—

The lonely cove—the village-humming hill—  
The green dell lending thee its fairy rill—  
All, all, are old familiar scenes to ONE  
Who tracks thee but by Fancy's aid alone.

## II.

Yet well his boyhood's earnest hours adored  
Thy haunted headlands, since he first explored  
With WELD the vast and shadowy recesses  
Of their grand woods and verdant wildernesses ;  
Since first he opened the enchanted books  
(Whose words are silver, liquid as the brook's)  
Of that loved Wanderer, who told the West  
Van Winkle's wondrous tale, and filled each breast  
By turns with awe, delight, or blithe emotion,  
Painting the life thy forest-shadows knew,  
What time the Settlers, crowding o'er the ocean,  
Spread their white sails along thy waters blue.

## III.

Theirs were the hearts true liberty bestows—  
The valour that Adventure lights in men ;  
And in their children still the metal glows,  
As well can witness each resounding glen

Of the FAIR SCENE, whose mellow colours shine  
Beneath the splendour of yon evening orb,  
That sinks serene as WASHINGTON's decline,  
Whose memory here should meaner thoughts absorb.  
*Here* rose the ramparts, never reared in vain  
When Justice smites in two the oppressor's chain ;  
*Here*, year on year, through yonder heaven of blue,  
The bomb's hot wrath its rending volleys threw  
Against those towers, which, scorning all attack,  
Still rolled the assailants' shattered battle back ;  
Till, as they fled in final rout, behind  
Soared the Republic's flag, high-floating in the wind !

## IV.

Long may that star-emblazoned banner wave  
Its folds triumphant o'er a land so brave,  
Fanned by no breeze but that which wafts us now,  
The laugh of Plenty, leaning on the plough.  
And should Columbia's iron-hearted men  
Try the fierce fortune of the sword again,  
Be theirs to wield it in no wanton cause,  
Fired by no braggart orators' applause,  
In no red conflict, whose unrighteous tide  
Could call nor Truth nor Mercy to their side,

So may their empire still supremely sweep  
From age to age the illimitable deep,  
With sway surpassing all but HER proud reign,  
Whose hand reposes on her lion's mane—  
The Ocean Queen—within whose rude isle locked  
Their own stern fathers' infancy was rocked ;  
Where first they breathed, amid the bracing north,  
Fair Freedom's spirit, till she sent them forth—  
Her cloud above their Exodus unfurled—  
To spread her worship o'er a second world.

## TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF XENOPHON.

---

### SCENE I.

THE day is o'er—the foe has ceased to beat  
His mountain thunders on that stern RETREAT,  
Which since the morning, desolate and gray,  
From the cold Caspian rose, has cut its way  
Through the dread war that blocks an army's van,  
When savage Nature aids more savage Man.  
In vain, the north wind shot its blinding snow,  
Blent with the terrors of Carduchia's bow ;  
In vain the mountain heaved its marble mass—  
Sank the ravine—or spread the wide morass.  
The river crushed them in its coils in vain,  
While still, through deep defile or open plain,  
Round their vexed course the stern Barbarian hung,  
Tumbled the crag, the missile granite slung ;  
With day the terrors of the hills are passed,  
The out-worn columns win the vale at last ;

Yet win not there the supplicated rest  
For harassed limb and javelin-tortured breast.  
Fiercer than all the horrors of the fight,  
Famine, with Winter and descending Night,  
Spreads for the sons of bland Ionia's shore,  
'Mid icy wilds, a drear encampment floor.  
The exulting foe has vanished from their track,  
And left Despair to watch that bivouac !

Oh, dread reverse!—what keenest eye could see  
The gallant bands, whose spear-bright chivalry  
Wheeled in long files, majestically slow,  
From glorious Sardis, one short year ago ;  
In yon array of pale disheartened men,  
Now crowded, tentless, through that desert glen.  
In cold battalions stretched, where fathom deep  
The snow-drift lures them to its numbing sleep ;  
Or with wild strife, as selfish madness sways,  
Battling for quarters by the watch-fires' blaze ;  
Or thronged remote, where moodier spirits lay,  
Revolts foul plan against the coming day ;  
Whilst still—as high through all the discord round,  
The groans of war's and famine's victims sound—

Sheer down the dark intolerable heaven,  
 Sweeps on their heads the heaping snow-storm driven !  
 Nor hour by hour, as dreary night goes by,  
 Shall Hope look on them with reviving eye ;  
 For, to the onward way, hills, huge as those  
 That frown behind, their barriers interpose.  
 Even now, red-flaming through the night, appear  
 The beacons kindled by the mountaineer.  
 Sure sign no path by which their march may glide,  
 One league toward safety lies unoccupied.

Rearward—where deadliest on their rout was poured  
 The unsparing slaughter of Armenia's sword,  
 Where crouch supine along the savage fields,  
 The Mail-armed Men within their wall of shields,  
 With weary eyes, but watchfulness of heart,  
 Reclines **THE LEADER** of that host apart.  
 What though his cheek is scarce by hastening time  
 Touched with the hues of manhood's golden prime,  
 Though less of strength his frame's fine outlines speak,  
 Than of the gracile, beauty-moulded Greek,  
 Health nerves that frame—indomitable will  
 Anneals those limbs to warrior purpose still.

Calm on that brow sits sapient thought divine,  
 In the keen glance resolve and counsel shine,  
 Worthy the master at whose awful feet  
 His spirit early took its raptured seat,  
 Drinking the words in whose immortal dew  
 His young soul opened like the rose, and grew.  
 Ah, how contrasts the horror round him now,  
 With that calm life beneath the olive-bough,  
 In his own land where Athens ever-fair  
 Lifts her white fanes amid the amber air !  
 Not now such thoughts !—Up, hero ! from thy dream,  
 (If, in this midnight of dismay, a theme  
 Lovelier, though less ennobling, has unbent  
 Thy mind one moment from its grand intent,  
 Yon host with more than human woes o'ercome,  
 To lead with more than human wisdom home ! )  
 Up ! still the first in danger and distress,  
 Practise, by deeds of high devotedness,  
 The immortal precepts of the perished Sage  
 Who yet shall speak from thy Memorial page.  
 On through the host !—with mild persuasion quell,  
 The factious band that morn had seen rebel—  
 Cheer the worn archer by fatigue subdued,  
 And with thy bare arms cleave his fagot wood,

Shaming him back to manhood—or repair  
Where the sick-quarters sadden all the air,  
Prescribe the remedy—lure frenzy's brain,  
With tales of Hellas, back to hope again.  
And when pale morning wakes the march once more,  
To face the fight and mountains as before,  
With freshened energy thy task renew—  
Now turn and charge! now forward and pursue!  
Scorn to the meanest in fatigue to yield,  
Snatch from the murmuring soldier his huge shield,  
And be the laggard's armour-bearer, though  
Thy own deserts thee 'mid the swarming foe.  
Exhorting, chiding, animating all,  
Watch the day struggle to its stormy fall,  
Then halt amid the howling waste, and then  
The exhaustless battle and the wild again!

SCENE II.  

---

Along OLYMPIA's rosy vale

The evening hymns to Zeus have died ;  
And lingering round yon distant sail

That dots the blue Ionian tide,  
So hushed and breezeless sleeps the air,  
The homeward-bearing revellers there  
Have caught the closing cadence now,  
And hung their garlands on the prow.  
Wide through high PHOLOX's piny woods  
The slanting sunset rains its gold,  
And down those verdant solitudes

Where morn the boar-hunt's chorus rolled,  
Each sound of sylvan discord mute,  
The shepherd's sweet complaining flute  
(While rest around his snow-white flocks)  
Calls silvery answers from the rocks.  
Below, where olive thickets cope  
The soft and emerald-tinted slope  
Of sacred SCILUS, and a fane  
Of modest marble cold and bright,

Half-screened by groves of orient plane,  
     Gleams, vowed to Dian's vestal light,  
 Round the spread feast a joyous throng  
 Delays the parting day with song ;  
 And many a wreath from Autumn's bowers  
     The maids with glistening eyes shall twine,  
 And many a chalice crowned with flowers  
     The youths shall quaff of purple-wine,  
 Votive to HIM whose pious care  
 Provides that annual banquet there,  
 Yet, shunning all their fond applause,  
     Or haply cold to crowded joy,  
 Who still with early step withdraws,  
 As if unseen but solemn cause  
     Beckoned to some beloved employ.

Half-hid beneath the branching cave  
     Built by vast beeches broad and tall,  
 Where bright SELINUS hurls its wave  
     In many a cold and limpid fall,  
 Down through the solitary dell  
 With chiming rill and bubbling knell,  
 The Lord of that autumnal fête  
     In musing shadow sits apart—

The LEADER of that grand RETREAT,  
 Whose only compass was his heart,  
 So long ago, life's perils past  
 Repose and glory finds at last !  
 He sits with thought-suspended look,  
 And, lifting oft his brow sublime  
 From tracing in that open book  
 His tale for all immortal time,  
 Hears, in the mellowing distance, wail  
 Far notes of flute and nightingale,  
 And silver songs, concerting all  
 With the near streamlet's tinkling fall.  
 And while the horrors that he faced,  
 Of war and wave and desert-waste,  
 Rise on his view, a tenderer green,  
 Caught from the wood's embowering scene,  
 Freshens his spirit—with a sigh  
 He thanks the guardian gods of men,  
 Then turns with memory-kindled eye  
 Unto his pleasant toil again.

Historian, Soldier, Sage, and Friend !  
 At faith's, affection's, duty's call  
 Who led the march, the page who penned,  
 And with a master's might through all !

For many an hour, from sorrow's smart  
    Beguiled and solitary pain,  
In which thy pictures fed the heart,  
    Thy lessons schooled the brain  
Of *One* who ever found it good  
To ponder on thy fortitude,  
And, sinking under worldly ill,  
Has felt his courage gather still,  
When, bursting all the woes that bound thee,  
He saw the shades of SCILUS round thee,  
Accept this grateful chaplet, pale  
With pansies perishingly frail,  
That his weak hand, at twilight's gloom,  
Now dares to lay upon thy tomb.

## A VIGIL.

---

BYRON !—Rousseau !—and thou the youngest and  
Yet oldest in affliction—Shelley ! ye  
Whose bread was bitterness, I here command  
Your presence, Misery's immortal Three !  
Come,—if henceforth the torn heart's agony—  
The never-resting vulture's torture fell—  
If trust betrayed—youth blighted—life lost, be  
O'er the grim portals of the past a spell,  
Come from your heaven—ay—or from the bigot's hell !

Were ye not born with love for ever rushing,  
And leaping through your beings' deepest blood ?  
Sought ye not vain as ceaselessly the gushing  
Of human sympathy's forbidden flood ?  
Across the music of your softest mood

Did not the world its grating discord send ?  
Then may I claim with ye, sad brotherhood—  
Unloved, I love—faithful, I find no friend—  
And life with me, as ye, wanes lonely to its end.

Then come and watch with me—for I, like ye,  
Drunken with sadness have raved forth in song—  
And if not, haply, so transcendently  
That my voice peals the universe along,  
Yet can I speak your language, lonely throng !  
And see—like yours—my cheek is wan and wet—  
And my heart, too, is broken with its wrong—  
Then come with your sad smiles, and say, there yet  
Exists a shadowy land for those who would forget,

TO \* \* \*.

---

Av—light and careless be thy look—

Let thy cold eyes on me

Ne'er gleam but, like the winter's brook,

In freezing brilliancy.

Let even my passing shadow be

The eclipse of thy soul ;

Fly where thou wilt, revertedly

To me thy thoughts must roll.

Morn shall but rise from ocean dim,

To count how oft I've sung ;

Thy brow was like its breaking beam

The raven clouds among.

The summer Noon, with glowing tongue

Shall tell of him who vowed

Thy form shamed hers, while round thee clung

The roses in a crowd.

And passionate Darkness too shall hint,  
    With its far-watching eyes,  
How I have deemed thy beauty lent  
    The night diviner dyes ;  
Away ! in vain thy falsehood flies  
    Beyond the ocean's bound ;  
For twined with nature's memories,  
    My spirit wraps thee round.

## SONG OF A RETURNED EXILE.

---

### I.

BLUE Corrin ! how softly the evening light goes,  
Fading far o'er thy summit from ruby to rose,  
As if loth to deprive the deep woodlands below  
Of the love and the glory they drink in its glow :  
Oh, home-looking Hill ! how beloved dost thou rise  
Once more to my sight through the shadowy skies ;  
Watching still, in thy sheltering grandeur unfurled,  
The landscape to me that so long was the world.  
Fair evening—blest evening ! one moment delay  
Till the tears of the Pilgrim are dried in thy ray—  
Till he feels that through years of long absence not one  
Of his friends—the lone rock and gray ruin—is gone.

### II.

Not one :—as I wind the sheer fastnesses through,  
The valley of boyhood is bright in my view !

Once again my glad spirit its fetterless flight  
May wing through a sphere of unclouded delight,  
O'er onemaze of broad orchard, green meadow, and slope—  
From whose tints I once pictured the pinions of hope ;  
Still the hamlet gleams white—still the church yews are weeping,  
Where the sleep of the peaceful my fathers are sleeping ;  
The vane tells, as usual, its fib from the mill,  
But the wheel tumbles loudly and merrily still,  
And the tower of the Roches stands lonely as ever,  
With its grim shadow rusting the gold of the river.

## III.

My own pleasant River, bloom-skirted, behold,  
Now sleeping in shade, now refulgently rolled,  
Where long through the landscape it tranquilly flows,  
Scarcely breaking, Glen-coorah, thy glorious repose !  
By the Park's lovely pathways it lingers and shines,  
Where the cushat's low call, and the murmur of pines,  
And the lips of the lily seem wooing its stay  
'Mid their odorous dells ;—but 'tis off and away,  
Rushing out through the clustering oaks, in whose shade,  
Like a bird in the branches, an arbour I made,  
Where the blue eyes of Eve often closed o'er the book,  
While I read of stout Sindbad, or voyaged with Cook.

## IV.

Wild haunt of the Harper ! I stand by thy spring,  
Whose waters of silver still sparkle and fling  
Their wealth at my feet,—and I catch the deep glow,  
As in long-vanished hours, of the lilacs that blow  
By the low cottage-porch—and the same crescent moon  
That then ploughed, like a pinnacle, the purple of June,  
Is white on Glen-duff, and all blooms as unchanged  
As if years had not passed since thy greenwood I ranged—  
As if ONE were not fled, who imparted a soul  
Of divinest enchantment and grace to the whole,  
Whose being was bright as that fair moon above,  
And all deep and all pure as thy waters her love.

## V.

Thou long-vanished Angel ! whose faithfulness threw  
O'er my gloomy existence one glorified hue !  
Dost thou still, as of yore, when the evening grows dim,  
And the blackbird by Downing is hushing its hymn,  
Remember the bower by the Funcheon's blue side  
Where the whispers were soft as the kiss of the tied ?  
Dost thou still think, with pity and peace on thy brow,  
Of him who, toil-harassed and time-shaken now,

While the last light of day, like his hopes, has departed,  
On the turf thou hast hallowed sinks down weary-hearted,  
And calls on thy name, and the night-breeze that sighs  
Through the boughs that once blest thee is all that replies ?

## VI.

But thy summit, far Corrin, is fading in gray,  
And the moonlight grows mellow on lonely Cloughlea ;  
And the laugh of the young, as they loiter about  
Through the elm-shaded alleys, rings joyously out :  
Happy souls ! they have yet the dark chalice to taste,  
And like others to wander life's desolate waste—  
To hold wassail with sin, or keep vigil with woe ;  
But the same fount of yearning, wherever they go  
Welling up in their heart-depths, to turn at the last  
(As the stag when the barb in his bosom is fast)  
To their lair in the hills on their childhood that rose,  
And find the sole blessing I seek for—REPOSE !

IN AN ALBUM.

---

I.

WHEN, in the old romantic days,  
At maiden's soft and sweet command,  
The poet poured his silvery lays,  
And swept the harp with master-hand,  
That maiden, bending o'er his lyre,  
Gave gladness to its every wire ;  
When failed his spirit's bright supplies,  
He drank fresh sunshine from her eyes ;  
Or, if he faltered in the strain,  
Her lips lent his new life again,—  
And when the sweet and tender ditty  
Died in a sigh the chords along,  
That loveliest lady, touched with pity,  
Preciously paid the poet's song.

## II.

But that blest age has long been over ;  
Ah ! woe's the day for bard and lover !  
Fair Girl ! how different is *my* lot,  
In these cold, dull, degenerate days ;  
Thy form beside me hovereth not,  
To wake my minstrel praise.  
To me thy darkly-glancing eyes  
Are like those stars in southern skies,  
Which, though they cannot shine on me,  
I know are shining gloriously ;—  
Vainly thou bidd'st me write ! my heart  
Hears not thy lip its law impart ;  
Nor can I, bending o'er this book,  
Catch inspiration from thy look.  
No, lady, no ! some happier time,  
When thou shalt read as I shall rhyme.

## III.

Yet can I part these pages where  
Young hearts, affectionate and bright,  
Combine to charm thee, maiden fair !  
Nor catch one ray of all their light ?

A weary wayfarer am I—  
A toil-worn pilgrim passing by—  
Who, pausing, marks a festive throng  
Cheering thy path with flowers and song ;  
And, while he sighs o'er vanished hours,  
When he, too, bowed in Beauty's bowers—  
While Memory's cloud flings back again,  
On his lone heart, its blessed rain—  
Feels o'er his softening spirit steal  
The warmth thy gifted friends reveal—  
Joins in the blessings which they breathe,  
And adds one wild-flower to thy wreath.

## TO A LADY

READING "THE PRISONER OF CHILLON," IN PREFERENCE TO  
"CHILDE HAROLD."

---

### I.

By calm Reflection's cold, undazzled eye,  
How clear the Power, all-beautiful, is seen  
Which prompts thee o'er that page instinctively,  
As leans the lily to the light, to lean '

### II.

'Tis filled with breathings of all-deep affections—  
Love strong as death—Hope's fervour kindling free—  
And the sweet bond of household recollections ;  
And are not these—all these—Bright One, for thee ?

### III.

No marvel that the Pilgrim's moody strain  
Made but dull music to thy dancing years—  
Rear'd with the Rose !—thy fresh heart's heaviest rain  
Is transient as thy fragrant sister's tears.

## IV.

What should'st *thou* with the tale-worn Passion traced—  
With the green earth around, and morning o'er thee ?  
Joy at thy feet—along that flowery waste  
Waiting to strike his cymbals on before thee.

## V.

No, lady,—leave lost HAROLD's page to those  
Whose Hopes have died to rise in Memories—  
Who, like him, drained Life's lavish cup of woes,  
And poured their molten feelings forth to freeze.

## VI.

To such, it is a manual set apart—  
The scriptures of the seared and wounded soul—  
Teaching the mournful Hermits of the Heart  
A lore beyond vain Science's control.

## VII.

There the long-loving, but unloved, may learn  
To make their Pride a friend, and smile at pain ;  
What if they fly from all for which they yearn,  
They shun one shaft—to be deceived again !

## VIII.

Theirs is the torpor of existence—still

It is, at least, repose ; o'er which can shine

No wakening ray, save when, with feeblest skill,

They fling song's garlands round such steps as thine.

## MOUNTAIN MEMORIES.

---

“ This morn is merry June I trow,  
The rose is budding fain—  
But it shall bloom in winter snow  
Ere we two meet again.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

---

### I.

'Twas but a day—but then that day  
Was lit by June's long jocund ray ;  
When bright and happy She and I,  
Upon blue Cummrah's summit high,  
Strayed from the throng 'mid heather flowers,  
Where Fête-champêtre sped the hours,  
And sought that mountain's mightiest height  
From whence, we said, our ardent eyes  
Might best drink in the green delight  
That in that matchless landscape lies.

## II.

'Twas fond pretence ! to us in vain,  
Far Ormond spread its broad domain,  
And lured our gaze with sparkling flood,  
And castled cliff and giant wood.  
Vainly the distant Barrow rolled  
His course, a coil of slender gold,  
Or Nore's blue waters danced and played  
Round Woodstock's banks and beechen glade.  
Ah, there no more the wild harp swells  
That shook those violet-breathing dells,  
And shed a deathless spell along  
Each grove's sweet gloom in Psyche's song !  
In vain Barnane, the thunder-riven,  
Far northward cleft the summer heaven,  
Or on the horizon stretched away,  
A streak of light, slept Youghal bay.  
We gazed but once, and gazing turned,  
Filled with the love that round us burned,  
And spoke, as speechless glances speak,  
The thoughts that kindled lip and cheek ;  
And that bright lady fair, with face  
All pale, and darkly-glancing grace,

Cast to the gladdened earth her eyes,  
And, faltering, took the purple seat  
Boon Nature to her child supplies,  
Whilst I sat duteous at her feet.

## III.

We never met before, and knew  
We never more should meet again ;  
For seaward at that moment blew  
The breeze should bear her o'er the main,  
O'er half hoarse Ocean's sounding foam,  
To light with love another's home,  
And be to me, through years afar,  
Lone memory's deeply mirrored star.  
And yet we talked not sadly there,  
But wished our barks of life had been  
Together wafted earlier, ere  
Dark Fate had heaved its gulf between.  
And still I asked, in trembling tone,  
Of him who claimed her as his own,  
And of those gorgeous Western skies,  
Whose glory lingered in her eyes.  
And when she murmured 'twas her wont  
In that far land, at fall of day,

Lulled by cool breeze and tinkling font,  
To sleep the sultry eve away,  
I vowed, if minstrel spirit might  
Spring from its earthly fetters free,  
That ever at that hour my sprite  
Should in her bower attendant be,  
And whisper 'mid the odours shed  
By gathered roses round her head,  
Or mix my memory with the wail  
Of song from neighbouring nightingale,  
Or babbling in the waters' fall,  
To her hushed ear my name recall.  
And that sweet listener's sole reply  
Was blushing cheek and bended eye,  
And heath-flower plucked all hastily,  
Which well, she said, might emblem be  
Of fickle Bard's inconstancy,  
A truant tribe and light of faith,  
Whose very life's essential bloom  
Was fed by woman's fragrant breath,  
It mattered not of whom ;  
And much she feared the freshening gale  
Would hardly rustle in the sail

Which bears her hence when I, who now  
Low at her feet devoted bow,  
Would, in that self-same spot so dear,  
Pour the same tale to other ear.

## IV.

Fast died the day—on Galty-peak  
Fair Evening leant her rosy cheek,  
And up that sky of bluest June  
Wheeled from the Deep the solemn moon,  
When gay companions, thronging round,  
Proclaimed the fugitives were found ;  
And festive mirth rushed in between,  
And all was as it ne'er had been.  
—We met no more—that revel past,  
Our first sweet meeting was the last.

## V.

And years have gone—and Time has stolen  
Hope from the heart, light from the eye—  
And feelings then all passion-swollen,  
Now shrunk to arid darkness lie.  
And that long-lost regretted one  
Is—Angel of the Rainbow—gone,

And treads her path of woman's pain  
In isles beyond the western 'main.  
How little deems the stranger who,  
    Amid the Summer-islands' sea,  
That pale and graceful One may view,  
    Shrined in her home tranquillity :  
That she who there so sheltered dwells  
In warm Bermuda's musky dells,  
Once braved the breezes of the North,  
And, from their wild hills looking forth,  
Had loitered through the summer day,  
With mountain-bard as wild as they,  
In utmost Thulé far away.

## VI.

And still that dreaming Bard will think  
That, haply, on the silver brink  
Of that clear sea, at vesper hour,  
When memory most exerts its power,  
The gentle Loiterer there will raise  
At times her melancholy gaze  
To the dim West, and while its star  
Trembles, like lover's heart, afar,

Will ask if He, who at her side  
Sat, eager-browed and restless-eyed,  
One blessed day, now feels, with her,

How minutes stamp the strife of years—  
How Passion's gusts, the soul which stir,  
Leave to that ruffled worshipper  
Of all its stormy joy but tears.

ON A PICTURE OF MORNING BY BENTLEY.

INSCRIBED TO THE LADY J——— M———.

—◆—  
Sento l'aura mia antica, e i dolci colli  
Veggio apparir !—PETRARCH.  
— — — — —

I.

UP glide the vapours of the summer-night—  
Lo, the broad lake is melting into light !  
And steadily and fleet the market-boat  
With freight of mellow fruitage is afloat.  
But yet 'tis earliest Morn, the cold, the tender,  
As dimly distant from the light to-be,  
As girlhood's dawning cheek from the warm splendour  
Her bridal years upon that cheek shall see :—  
The LARK—that yet is silent,—sweetly loud,  
From the green thicket gushing to the cloud,  
In many a tiny ring must wheel and soar,  
Still winnowing music down to earth—before

He catch the coming sunlight on that breast  
That now broods, kindling, in its grassy nest.  
No sound of life the Painter's ear to stir,  
But the oar's dipping, or the rustling whirr  
Of shyest water-fowl, or sudden word  
Of cheer loosed, shot-like, at the startled bird :  
Now, gifted Artist, where yon osiers pale  
Dip the light fringes of their graceful veil  
Upon the sleeping waters, lean, and take  
The cold gray tints of morn and misty lake  
And fix their fleeting hues upon thy page——

Now breathe thy spirit through them like a God  
Until we hear their murmurs,——so ; let Age  
Do its worst henceforth, beautifully broad  
Like thy created billows, Memory  
Shall heave with proud remembrances of thee  
When thou art mouldering with the valley's clod !

## II.

O loved and lovely MORNING ! not like this  
Now spread before me didst thou slowly rise,  
When my feet rush'd, with Boyhood's eager bliss,  
To watch thy advent in mine Island-skies,

Scarce could I climb high Kilworth's utmost steep,  
When thou wert there to meet me from the Deep,  
Bursting up brightly vigorous and brave,  
As thou wert wafted in one sweep of wave  
By the Atlantic's freedom-loving swell,  
And heaved on giant wilderness and fell !—  
The glee of all the rills ! at once down-foaming,  
Leaping in light from precipice and rock,  
Telling the dusky woodlands Day was coming  
To fill their green haunts with the unfolded flock.  
—The gladness of the dells !—Glenseskin's larches  
From their tall stems already shake the night,  
While, hurrying out amid their emerald arches,  
The soundless hare springs timidly to sight !  
Now farthest Corrin brightens—and the tide  
Of splendour spreading rests upon those bowers  
Hymn'd by rude bard, where loveliest Castlehyde  
Mirrors in dark-blue Avonduff its towers :  
Still downward rolls the red refulgence, still  
Caught by gray tower, or heath-empurpled hill,  
And now the pomp of rushing glory floods  
Moorepark's sweet lawns and chestnut-waving woods,  
While, swift as arrow from the Sun-God's quiver,  
Darts into laughing day my own rejoicing river.

## III.

Here, while the hues of heaven intensely steep  
That Valley's vast luxuriance—where along  
Each sylvan scene still floats the influence deep  
Of Spenser's loved imperishable song ;  
Now, ere the wild-bee in this earliest hour,  
Like mountain-chief before some Beauty's hold,  
Blows summons of surrender to the flower,  
And spoils her cells of their delicious gold,—  
Beneath Clohlea, whose topmost tower is burning  
Red as its ramparts glowed upon the day  
It fell in its defiance, vainly scorning  
The stern Republic's slaughterous array,—  
Stretched by rent battlements, whose strength was young  
When the sad banks of Mulla's neighbouring stream  
For UNA sighed and her immortal wrong,  
Let me once more, as in life's morning, dream,  
Dream, for the thousandth time, that HE to whom  
The arrogance of Boyhood could presume  
To liken its slight sorrows—Who of yore  
“ Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hoar,”  
Tended his flock—the Shepherd-Bard sublime,  
Here, where I sit, might in that elder time

Have strayed world-wearied ; on his brow the charm  
Of Shakespeare's parting-look—his hand still warm  
From grasp of that at whose dread touch arose  
Macbeth's fierce guilt, and Lear's distracting woes.  
Haply the mosses of this fragrant seat  
Loved the lone echoes of his exiled feet,  
When, sick with suing, from vain courts afar,  
His only confidant the evening star,  
By yonder stream he wove his wreath of glory, .  
And blent its voice with that divinest story.  
See, from this warrior-height I almost look  
    Upon the wide o'er-canopying Ash  
And jasmine curtains of that bowery nook,  
    Lulled by the river's melancholy dash,  
Where, day by day, I read his dazzling book !  
And where so oft, nor with less bright surprise,  
Flashed those sweet tales on my enchanted eyes,  
Told by that second Spenser—whose command  
    Called up the Past, till helmed and mailed Romance,  
    And Chivalry re-burnishing the lance,  
Amid Mortality resumed their stand :  
—That King whose sceptre was enchantment's wand !  
O to re-live the glorified delight  
    With which, leaf-hidden by the blue-eyed May,

I read his Ivanhoe, while redly bright  
The slumberous evening melted far away !  
Entranced above the splendid page I lay,  
With Gurth and Wamba buried in the gloom  
Of the huge forest, 'neath umbrageous oaks,  
Or watched the tossing of the Templar's plume,  
As loud through Ashby rang the stalwart strokes.  
O books—O blessings ! could the yellow ore  
That countless sparkled in the Lydian's store,  
Vie with the opulence ye flung around me,  
In that glad season when each summer-tree,  
To Fancy's eye, with wreaths of triumph crowned me,  
Whispering my spirit into minstrelsy ?

## IV.

Green glades of Fleetwood ! through the amber air  
Of morn, how glow your scenes supremely fair !  
How long the muser's rapt and lingering gaze  
O'er the wide verdure of your vale delays,  
As soft it swells, to light and beauty born,  
With orchards ripe and slopes of golden corn :—  
The castled steep—the ancient woods—above,  
And Hall white-gleaming through the stately grove :—

Below, the lapsing of blue Funcheon's wave,  
Now gently gliding by the Filea's cave—  
Now loud in gladness where the bridgeway frail  
Spans its clear current with a slender rail ;  
'Mid boundless bloom for ever stealing on,  
Till, with the shyness of a bride, 'tis gone  
To hide in Avon its transparent face,  
At once absorbed into his broad embrace !

## v.

And Thou, FAIR SPIRIT ! to whose gracious eyes  
And graceful name I consecrate this page—  
In the low turret, decked with ruin's dyes,  
Where once the bugle blew to battle's rage,  
(Now by thy spells enchanted to a bower,  
Melodious with the blackbird's mellow flute,  
As falls lone evening's saffron-tinted hour,)  
Loitering above this lay, could I be mute,  
Nor thank thy taste, that taught the devious path,  
By wood and cave, to wind its easy line—  
Gave the pure lily a more limpid bath—  
Festooned the musk-rose in a softer twine—  
And bade the tresses of the nymph-like willow  
Droop with a tenderer grace above the billow ?

For this receive the homage deep of ONE

Whose hours of life their brightest colours caught

Amid those shades : where lately, while the Sun

The crimson West magnificently sought,

He framed the song (rude offering, unmeet)

Now laid in reverence, LADY, at thy feet.

## DEPARTURE.

---

### I.

THE breeze already fills the sail, on yonder distant strand,  
That bears me far an exile from my own inclement land,  
Whose cloudy skies possess nor balm, nor brilliance, save what lies  
In lips twin-sisters with the rose, and blue belovèd eyes.

### II.

Dear misty hills! that soon to me shall o'er the ocean fade,  
Your echoes ever in my ears exulting music made—  
For with your torrents' rushing falls, and with your tempests'  
power,  
Familiar voices blent their tones in many a festal hour.

### III.

How oft, in sunnier clime afar—in summer's glowing halls—  
When on the lonely stranger's head the dew of welcome falls,

His pining spirit still shall hear, 'mid Beauty's thronging  
daughters,

The fairy steps that glance in light beside the mountain-waters.

## IV.

And memory-prompted hope shall dream, that where amid  
the West

The Harp's fair children lull the night with melody to rest,  
Some simple strain may then recall remembrance faint of Him  
Whose heart is with them in that hour across the billows dim.

TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL,

ON HER EXHIBITING A COPY SHE HAD TAKEN OF A HEAD FROM RAPHAEL'S  
GREAT PICTURE—THE TRANSFIGURATION—AND ASKING,  
“WAS NOT THAT PAINTER INSPIRED?”

---

INSPIRED !—could he, the Stoic cold,  
The sceptred scoffer at whose word,  
(To falsify the doom foretold  
By sinful earth's offended Lord,)  
'Mid shuddering nature's threats, in vain,  
The Temple's stones were reared again ;  
Could he, fair girl, this instant see  
That draft of glory sketched by thee  
From SANZIO's awful picture, where  
He flashed the Saviour on our sight,  
So all divinely grand, we dare  
Not trust sensation to declare  
If God or painter be more bright :—  
Could JULIAN—deep his master-mind  
By taste and genius was refined—

Behold thee, as thou standest now,  
Holding thy wondrous effort up ;  
With hands upraised and lifted brow,  
As Hebé holds to Jove the cup ;  
Thy soul so filled with that bright Art,  
It seems prepared thy frame to part,  
And struggling with the soft embrace  
Of thy light figure's wavy grace,—  
Thy dark eyes flashing, and thy hair  
Lending its shadows to the air,  
That else were all too lustrous, while  
Thy rosy lips, half open, wear  
Pride mixed with Love's triumphant smile :—

If thus, O bright One ! thou couldst beam  
Upon that veriest sceptic's gaze,  
His unbelief, like sudden dream,  
Would melt to worship and amaze ;  
And he would own the Faith whose power  
Fills and enfolds thee in this hour  
With such soft radiance, as in June  
Lights up the young delicious moon—  
And he whose glorious hand it fired,  
The immortal Painter, were—*inspired*.

## FUNCHEON WOODS.

---

### I.

DARK woods of Funcheon ! treading far  
The rugged paths of duty—  
Though lost to me the vesper star  
Now trembling o'er your beauty ;  
Still vividly I see your glades,  
The deep and emerald-hearted,  
As when from their luxuriant shades  
My lingering steps departed.

### II.

That wild autumnal morning !—well  
Can haunted Thought remember  
How came in gusts o'er Corrin-fell  
The roar of dark September,  
When I through that same woodland path  
To endless exile hasted,  
Where many an hour my lavish youth  
The gold of evening wasted.

## III.

Oh, for *one* day of *that* glad time !  
—Say, reckless heart, how is it  
There's still so many a cliff to climb,  
And well-known nook to visit ?—  
The Filea's spring is gurgling near ;  
And may I not, delaying,  
One moment watch the sparkling sand  
Beneath its crystal playing ?

## IV.

No !—" Onward !" cried the mighty breeze,  
" From all thy heart rejoices !"  
And loud my childhood's ancient trees  
Then lifted up their voices,  
As though they felt and mourned the loss  
(With heads bowed down and hoary)  
Of him who, seated at their feet,  
First sang their summer glory.

## V.

Too like the fair beloved group  
From whose embrace I wended,  
In vain the Pine-trees' shapely troop  
Their graceful arms extended ;

And vainly fast as sisters' tears  
The pallid Birch was weeping—  
While woke, like cousins' sad blue eyes,  
The winkle's flower from sleeping.

## VI.

Farewell—I thought—ye only friends  
The heart can trust in leaving,  
Untroubled by the primal curse,  
The dread of your deceiving ;  
I shall not see at least *your* fall,  
And so—when wronged and wounded—  
Still feel secure of peace at last,  
By you, old friends ! surrounded.

## VII.

And since in nature's scenes, the grand,  
Or beautiful, or tender,  
He who invests them with a light  
That sanctifies their splendour,  
Findeth no one abiding-place ;  
Be his the deep reliance  
That he for holier worlds received  
The bard's immortal science.

VIII.

Green Funcheon-side ! your sounding woods  
 Heaved wide as tossing ocean,  
 When my last glance that autumn morn  
 Turned from their billowy motion—  
 Turned where the willow's tresses streamed  
 Above the river stooping,  
 Dark as your own bright LADY's hair  
 Magnificently drooping.

IX.

Ah, in that wild tumultuous hour  
 When heaven with earth seemed warring,  
 And swept the tempest's demon-power,  
 The landscape's lustre marring,  
 One gentlest spirit, (haply then  
 Of Funcheon's beauty thinking,)  
 A fading GIRL—like a tired child—  
 On Death's calm breast was sinking.

X.

They 've made her grave, far, far from all  
 The haunts she prized so dearly :  
 O, place no marble o'er it,—there  
 Be seen to flourish yearly,

Such flowers as in her Bible's leaves  
She loved to fold and cherish—  
Pansies and early primroses,  
That as they blossom perish.

## XI.

Rave on, loud Winds, from tranquil rest  
Ye never more shall stir her !  
And ye, fair Woods, now vanishing  
From memory's darkened mirror,  
Farewell ; what meeter time for thought,  
The lost and loved recalling,  
Than in this solemn evening hour  
When autumn-leaves are falling.

## NOCMELEDOON.

A RHAPSODY.

---

[Noc-meledoon, one of the loftiest mountains in the South of Ireland, forms a conspicuous landmark in connecting the three great Counties of Cork, Tipperary, and Waterford. On the north side it is nearly perpendicular. Its height above the level of the sea is 2,700 feet.]

---

### I.

BROAD Earth below—blue Air above !  
Vast as the all-creating Love  
That looked them into life intense,  
And heaved this mount's magnificence,  
While cloud shall burst or morning shine,  
Gaunt Nature's granite-rifted shrine,  
Where her enthusiast sons shall come,  
With Wonder's awful worship dumb,  
Beneath her glittering aisles to raise  
Their hearts' unsounding hymns of praise.

## II.

Broad Earth below—blue Air above—  
All joy and glory, light and love !  
A thousand vales—a thousand hills—  
A thousand brightly-tumbling rills—  
The peasant's cot—the prince's tower—  
Affection's jasmine-shadowed bower—  
And white-walled towns and spiry fanes—  
Dark moors, deep glens, and green demesnes—  
All rimmed in daylight's ductile gold,  
Are, far beneath me, now unrolled,  
While not an echo of the life  
Breaks with the breeze upon mine ear—  
I seem, beyond all earthly strife,  
To stand a sky-born spirit here !

## III.

Joy—joy !—I broke my bonds to-day,  
And cast the cords of care away !  
When morning's glistening fingers furled  
The starry curtains of the world,  
I woke beneath her rosy kiss,  
To one dear day of summer-bliss—

Spurning the stifling homes of men,  
I quaffed the wine-like air again,  
And, reckless as a reveller, pressed  
To gain—and gained—this mountain's crest ;  
How my wild spirit shook its pinions,  
    And dashed the stains of earth aside,  
And claimed its own sublime dominions,  
    And shouting hailed them, glorified !

## IV.

Oh, stateliest station here to tread—  
Light's banners blazing o'er my head—  
And watch, with leader's lofty feeling,  
The clouds' vast cohorts round me wheeling ;  
Here, their battalia's lighter powers,  
Burst by the arrowy sunbeams' showers,  
In gay confusion loosely driven,  
Are melting from the hills of Heaven :  
Yonder, their front advancing flings,  
More densely wide, its splendid wings ;  
While on the horizon's field afar,  
Their hosts concentrated crowd to war,  
And right in day's descent have laid  
For light's fierce Lord their ambushade—

But high as yet—supremely high—  
His wheels are bickering through the sky—  
From Upper Ormond's emerald bound,  
And Cummrah dark, and Galty-more,  
To where Kinsale's Old Headland mound  
Shakes back the Atlantic from the shore,  
The circling landscapes spread below  
His brow's most blinding glory, glow ;  
Stupendous Circus ! stretched and bent,  
By Architect Omnipotent,  
O'er thy mosaic's mighty plane  
The shrinking eye would toil in vain ;  
Fatigued it quits the widening scope,  
For yon near upland's sunny slope,  
Where, girt with all the grace of June,  
LISMORE's sweet hamlet basks in noon,  
With spired cathedral pointing high  
Its mute direction to the sky.  
Still nearer daylight's drapery falls  
In folds less warm around those walls,  
Where stormed rude chief, and revelled peer,  
The ducal hold of Devonshire.  
With thoughts that shift and vary fast,  
As clouds of autumn in the blast,

I hail the century-shattered towers,  
Within whose levin-belted bowers  
Dark STRAFFORD watched, with heart as hard  
As his deputed falchion's guard,  
While Rapine held her advent feast  
Round Munster's fired and famished waste.—  
How direly just his every vein  
Returned that debt in ruddy rain !  
There Newton's friend, the student BOYLE,  
Woke to his life of pleasant toil—  
Philosophy's patrician child,  
At bauble coronets who smiled !  
Still through the chamber counted thine,  
Thy pictured aspect gleams benign.—  
How soon thine ear, mild absentee,  
Like all who share thy lineage-tree,  
Lost the lone lull of Avon's shore,  
In deafening London's stony roar !  
There rose to CONGREVE's early view  
The Muse his later manhood knew ;  
And where yon window lights the gloom  
Of the superbly arrased room,  
With Teniers' dancing boors and dames,  
STUART's last crowned and craven JAMES

Recoiled in horror from the flow  
Of the far tide that rolled below,  
Strong as the rush of Freedom's river,  
That swept his race from rule for ever.

## v.

'Tis boundless noon—the sea-born breeze  
More freshly blessed, hither flees,  
With balmiest coolness to abate  
The weighing fervour of the heat :  
And like a monarch glad to flee  
From garish pomp to privacy,  
I seek my purple chamber lone,  
By yon heath-wreathed craggy stone.  
Ha ! my usurping step hath stirred  
Thine eyrie-throne, imperial bird !  
Alas for thine Olympian hill !—  
Thy nest of thunder there is still,  
For dull reality has rent  
The Grecian godhead's firmament,  
And Juno o'er its sapphire floor  
Shall never move in music more.  
Yes !—bosoms colder than their clime  
Have called that sacred creed a crime,

And scoffed the faith revealed in fire—

The liquid fire of Grecian song,  
That, till Harmonia's self expire,

Shall bear His burning name along—

HOMER'S—who, glancing bold behind

The veils of heaven, was smitten blind !

Alas for thine Olympian hill,

And all who wail its worship still !

Thy human brothers, Bird of Pride,

The fiery-winged and eagle-eyed,

The pale-cheeked watchers through the night,

Who lure from lore their one delight,

Who early rise, and late take rest ;

Fond misers ! withering in the quest

Of knowledge, dearly hoarding up

The gems from Hebe's shattered cup !

There are who from gray Scio's star

Drink, as from Inspiration's font,

And hearts shall hail it from afar,

While "broadly" heaves the Hellespont.

Such are the few who, reverent, look

In Plato's golden-lettered book ;

Who nightly drain the draughts that burn,

Showered from the stars in Pindar's urn :

Or raptured linger o'er the songs  
That consecrate a People's wrongs,  
Songs such as his the Bard who fills  
Clare's loneliest vales, wild Desmond's hills,  
With the sweet gladness of the time

When, by the Ægean's chiming deep,  
Anacreon swept the shell sublime,

To lull the Love-Queen's rosy sleep !  
Such strains were His, that gentle one  
We weep, in dreams, to think upon,  
Who, bursting the Immortal's lock,  
Unbound Prometheus from his rock.  
Alas ! that, whelmed beneath their surge,  
Livorno's waves should sing his dirge !  
And his, the lyre's departed Lord—

The last of all that laureled train,  
Whose songs' and sabres' light was poured  
Round Greece from age to age in vain !

My master ! shall thine humblest page

Attend no more, with dazzled eyes,  
Thy world-attracting PILGRIMAGE,

Whose pathway ended in the skies ?  
Oh, mourned by Suli's sunny daughters,  
How soon the day-spring of thy fame

Went down o'er Missolonghi's waters,  
While earth was radiant with the flame.  
Now let them crown their ghastly Greece—  
—Patch Pallas' temple—prate of peace  
To the keen, scoffing, ruffian hordes,  
That keep Epirus with their swords—  
*Our* Greece shall honour but the king  
Upon whose sceptre slept thy wing,  
Sun-braving bird—ay, soar away!  
My soul, encumbered with its clay,  
Pants for the bright releasing hour,  
When all that burns within me now,  
Shall sweep the tracts of Space and Power,  
As free and fetterless as thou!

## VI.

The Sun departs, the dun array  
Of clouds, that westward block his way,  
In mustered mass encounter now  
The terrors beaming from his brow ;  
The bright brief conflict soon is done—  
Bursts through their force that fiery one ;  
The central ranks are backward rolled,  
And on their ensigns waving gold,

Trampling, he leaves the victory plain  
One red remembrance of his reign.

## VII.

The summer-day is fast declining,  
More faintly falls its fountain's shining ;  
And rose-veiled Evening, o'er the sky,  
Leans from her eastern lattice high ;  
Watching with eyes of shadowy blue,  
Her chalice cold of vesper dew.  
Oh, pale sweet angel ! sent to bless  
A hermit wanderer's loneliness :  
Here, like a Bacchant with his cup,  
My trembling timbrel lifting up—  
Beneath thy holiest influence dim,  
I close my heart's departing hymn !

## VIII.

Yet ere I turn to paths of gloom,  
With shadowy brow and folded plume,  
I fain would raise, albeit in vain,  
One fading memory's anthem strain,—  
And hail a Pilgrim's kindred shade,  
Who here his earthly relics laid !

His was that fev'rish, thirsting mind,  
Which, shunning converse with its kind,  
Would hold, within their cloudy tents,  
Communion with the elements :  
How scornful was his latest thought,  
When here his sepulchre he sought !  
Far from subjected glade or glen,  
Far from the walks of worthless men,  
This mount's majestic summit gaunt,  
(The scient wanderer's early haunt,)  
Holds to the stars his cromlech rude,  
In its eternal altitude !  
Above that hatchment, tempest-proof,  
Bends mighty Nature's minster roof :  
The choral winds his requiem shout,  
The lightnings fling his banner out ;  
And, sullen mourner, o'er that stone,  
His friend the Thunder comes to groan.

## IX.

Eccentric One, my darkened lot  
Denies to me such resting-spot ;  
Yet should the presage that I feel  
(That noise of Evil's coming wheel),

Be not a warning light and vain,  
That mine must be a course of pain.  
Perhaps hereafter I shall seek,

    With weary feet, thy burial sod,  
And pillowing there my wasted cheek,  
Give back to earth its wishes weak,  
To Hope her fairy wand to break—  
    The rest to Silence and to God !

TO A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

---

I.

STILL, gentle Lady, cherish flowers—  
True fairy friends are they,  
On whom of all thy cloudless hours  
Not one is thrown away.  
By them, unlike man's ruder race,  
No care conferred is spurned,  
But all thy fond and fostering grace  
A thousand-fold returned.

II.

Thy smiles are by the Rose repaid,  
For thee the Lily rears  
In her white chalice, 'mid the glade,  
Gems sparkling as thy tears.  
The glances of thy gladd'ning eyes  
Not thanklessly are poured ;  
In the blue Violet's tender dyes  
Behold them all restored.

## III.

Yon bright Carnation—once thy cheek  
    Bent o'er it in the bud,  
And back it gives thy blushes meek  
    In one rejoicing flood !  
That Balm has treasured all thy sigh,  
    That Snowdrop touched thy brow ;  
Thus, not a charm of thine shall die  
    Thy painted people vow.

### A HEALTH TO THEE.

---

A HEALTH to Thee !—on this the day  
When, like the meek, half-weeping ray  
That draws from April's dawn its birth,  
Thy gentle spirit stole to earth.  
How many a year has roll'd above  
Our paths of sorrow, sin, and love,  
(Sorrow and sin that shadowed mine,  
While peace and love were bright on thine),  
Since first we met and last we parted,  
Estranged, divorced, and mournful-hearted !  
Yet though between us rolls the sea,  
And earth spreads wide—a health to Thee !

A health to Thee !—On land or wave—  
In crowds or cloisters—glad or grave—  
In weal or woe, a Shape I see,  
That ghost-like wears the grace of Thee.

Its accents through my slumbers thrill,  
Like night-breeze from some lonely hill ;  
It lends the morning's cold gray skies  
The azure of thy serious eyes—  
At eve the brown and heavy air  
Is coloured by thy clustering hair—  
Even golden noon subdues its glance  
Beneath thy sad sweet countenance.

A health to Thee !—Through hastening years  
No anguish thrills, no pleasure cheers,  
Nor blossom buds, nor leaf can fall,  
That does not back the Past recall.  
Deep in my soul's profoundest gloom—  
As in a dim and lonely room  
We lock some sad, mysterious thing—  
Thy name from human uttering  
Lies buried long—though sometimes men  
Will speak it suddenly, and then  
Will watch this brow, *in vain*, to see  
How deep they smote my memory.

A health to Thee !—I chose my fate ;  
If came regret, it came too late.

Who once had thought, as side by side  
Our blended moments lived and died,  
The time would come when, severed far  
As its reflection from the star,  
I on a forest spring should look,  
Or tree, or flower, or favorite book,  
Nor find Thee when I turned to seek  
An answering gladness on thy cheek ?  
And now thy very Fate to me  
Is even a doubt—still, health to Thee !

*February 3,*  
1842.



## NOTES.



## NOTES.

---

### PEAK OF DARRA.

AN incident resembling that versified in the poem has been related in some of the *Ana*—amongst others, in one published a few years ago by Mr. Charles Knight.

*The freshness of the Mat's perfume.*—P. 8.

It is the practice in parts of India to enclose the verandahs of some dwellings with a peculiar kind of fragrant matting, which, being kept carefully wet, imparts an agreeable coolness and odour to the apartments.

*Like her who to the Syrian Leper-lord*

*Proclaimed the prophet's sanatory power.*—P. 9.

2 Book of Kings, chap. v., ver. 3.

---

### DOOM OF THE MIRROR.

*"Never in life to prosper more."*—P. 26.

The superstition that whoever breaks a looking-glass is destined to misfortune, is widely entertained in Ireland. It is not, however, confined to that country, as I have met with it in England also. The little story related in the verses is not altogether imaginative.

## VISION OF CALIGULA.

*The fane of Jove.—P. 50.*

"In the midst, to crown the pyramid formed by such an assemblage of majestic edifices, rose the shrine of the Guardian of the Empire,—the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, on a hundred steps, supported by a hundred pillars, adorned with all the refinements of art, and blazing with the plunder of the world."—EUSTACE.

*The Cæsars' palace lifts its domes of gold.—P. 51.*

The Imperial residence was fixed by Augustus on the Palatine Mount. It was here, too, that the *Aurea Domus*—the Golden House of Nero—stood, which was afterwards destroyed by the orders of Vespasian, as being too sumptuous even for a Roman Emperor. It is described by Pliny: In the vestibule stood a colossal statue of Nero, one hundred and twenty feet in height; there were three porticoes, each a mile in length, and supported by three rows of pillars. The garden seems to have resembled a park, and contained an immense piece of water, woods, vineyards, and pasture-grounds. In the palace itself the rooms were lined with gold, gems, and mother-of-pearl. The ceilings of the dining-rooms were adorned with ivory pannels, so contrived as to shower flowers and perfumes on the guests. The principal banqueting-room revolved upon itself, representing the motions of the heavens. The baths were supplied with salt water from the sea, and mineral water from the Albula (now Solfatara) near Tibur.—EUSTACE.

*... proud Synnada's stone.—P. 52.*

The most precious marble of the Romans was that brought from Synnada (according to Ptolemy, Synada) in Phrygia. It was of a delicate white colour, veined with purple.

*"... pretiosaque picto**Marmore, purpureis cui cedunt Synnada venis."**CLAUDIAN, in Eutrop., l. ii. 271.*

Twenty-four pillars of this costly material (called by the modern Italians *pavonasso*) still exist among the columns which support the aisles in the Church of *S. Paolo fuori della mura* at Rome. They are of the most exquisite workmanship and proportions, and were taken from the tomb of Hadrian.

.... whose whispered word

*Filled, like pervading Nature, land and flood.*—P. 53.

The arbitrary power of the Emperors was as complete as it was despotic. For the victim who incurred their displeasure, "to remain," says Gibbon, "was fatal, and it was impossible to fly; he was encompassed by a vast extent of sea and land, which he could never hope to traverse without being discovered, seized, and restored to his irritated master." "Wherever you are," said Cicero to the exiled Marcellus, "remember that you are equally within the power of the conqueror."

.... that savage, solitary form.—P. 54.

"Statura fuit eminenti, pallido colore, corpore enormi, gracilitate maxima cervicis et crurum, et oculis et temporibus concavis, fronte lata et torva, &c. . . . . Magna parte noctis vigilis cubandique tædio; . . . nunc per longissimas porticus vagus, invocare identidem atque expectare lucem consuevit."—Suetonius.

I agree in opinion with the Author of the able and interesting papers entitled *The Casars*, which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine a few years ago, that the disease of insanity was hereditary in the Julian family. Indeed, in no other way can we account for that disposition to monstrous atrocities which characterised the immediate successors of Augustus. I have endeavoured to render my sketch of the tyrant Caligula conformable to this view.

.... the fane

*His ardours reared you on Ceryne's plain.*—P. 54.

However reluctant the worship offered in them, there were some

temples erected to the Furies in Greece. One of the most remarkable, that of Cerynea, in Arcadia, was built and dedicated by Orestes.

PAUBANIAS, lib. vii. 25.

*When summoned here 'mid gladiators grim.—P. 55.*

This was one of Caligula's chief amusements.

*...until o'er Baiæ's sunny bay,*

*A liquid path, I urged my war-steed's way.—P. 58.*

Thrasyllus, an eminent soothsayer at Rome, in this and the preceding reigns, hazarded the prediction alluded to:—"Non magis Cæium imperaturum, quam per Baianum Sinum equis discursurum." To disprove the prediction, Caligula built the bridge from Pozzuoli to Baiæ; a stupendous undertaking.

*Drusilla the Divine.—P. 58.*

His favourite sister. He caused temples to be erected to her divinity—and upon all occasions of unusual solemnity he swore by her name.

*Afer.....—P. 59.*

Domitius Afer was the Tyrant's most constant companion and attendant.—SUTTONIUS.

*Tall fire-eyed men like the Athletaæ*

*Feed for the Arena's sportive butchery.—P. 63.*

If the superintendence of an equitable Providence was ever revealed to man, it seems to have been in that retributive distribution by which the subversion of the Roman Empire, with all its accompanying horrors, was wrought out by the very people—the Goths—whose tribes had for so many ages of blood supplied, from their Dacian and Pan-

nonian hordes, the one hundred—two hundred—even *three* hundred pairs of gladiators (in the Edileship of Julius Cæsar he supplied six hundred gladiators at one show) who, day by day, were exhibited with the wild beasts of the Circus and Amphitheatre, and, in the forcible language of Byron, were

“butchered to make a Roman holiday.”

*The last wild throes of my own Roman World.*—P. 64.

For the repeated sieges and sack of Rome by Goths, Vandals, and Huns, see *Gibbon*, vols. v. and vii.

.... *My Velitræan Villa.*—P. 64.

The Imperial Villa at Velitræ was his favourite retreat. It was celebrated for its gigantic plane-trees; one of which was capable of containing in its branches a large table, with the Emperor, attendants, &c.—*PLINY*.

.... *Grim Scythia styed.*—P. 64.

—“The principal warriors insulted the villas and gardens once inhabited by Lucullus and Cicero, along the beauteous coast of Campania. Their trembling captives, the sons and daughters of Roman senators, presented in goblets of gold large draughts of Falernian wine to the haughty victors, who stretched their huge limbs under the shade of plane-trees, artificially disposed to exclude the scorching rays, and to admit the genial warmth of the sun.”—*GIBBON*.

..... *The Sea*

*Be the stern servant of that ministry.*—P. 66.

The first serious irruption of the Barbarians took place by sea. They descended the Ister to the Euxine, and, pouring through the Hellespont, inundated the coasts of Greece, Africa, and Italy.

## THE GERMAN PILGRIM.

*The pale Patrician . . . —P. 76.*

Catiline ;—"color ei exsanguis, fœdi oculi . . . prorsus in facie, vultuque vecordia inerat."—SALLUST.

*The Consul's Victory-shadowed car.—P. 77.*

The triumphal chariot was usually surmounted by a figure of Victory.

*While Time those streets once more unshrouds,  
Thronged with pale gods in marble crowds.—P. 77.*

The number of statues in Rome, according to the Elder Pliny, was equal to that of the inhabitants. They not only filled the temples, basilicæ and curiæ, but crowded the streets, and almost, to believe Cassiodorus, peopled the public walks. When Eustace travelled, even after the French had plundered the museums, Rome contained sixty thousand of her ancient statues.

## THE CURSE OF GLENCOE.

The tale that follows is founded upon an incident that occurred some little time before the American War, to Colonel Campbell of Glenlyon, whose grandfather, the Laird of Glenlyon, was the officer in King William's service, who commanded at the slaughter of the Macdonalds of Glencoe. The anecdote is told in Colonel David Stewart's valuable History of the Highland Regiments. Edin. 1822.

*' . . . The curse of Heaven  
And of Glencoe is here !'—P. 95.*

Such was his exclamation, as repeated in the History referred to.

Colonel Campbell always imputed the unfortunate occurrence that clouded the evening of his life to the share his ancestor had in the disastrous affair of Glencoe.

---

### ODE ON THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.

.... " *This is death.*"—P. 111.

The last words—(and how significant!)—of George the Fourth, to the solitary Page who happened to be in attendance at the moment.  
—*See the Journals of the period.*

---

### LINES IN SHELLEY'S POEMS.

" *The loved Athenian.*"—P. 113.

Socrates—

" Calm as the fields of Heaven his sapient eye  
The Loved Athenian lifts to realms on High."

*Pleasures of Hope.*

---

### THE SWORD OF THE LAST CONSTANTINE.

*O'er some Theme of that despot-dominion.*—P. 116.

The Greek Empire, at the time of its subversion by Mahomet II., consisted of twenty-nine Themes, or Military Governments.

*Ruric—that Wasp of the Wasp.*—P. 116.

Ruric—a distinguished Selavonian Chief, (A.D. 862,) became the father of a dynasty that reigned in Russia for seven hundred years.

*Alp Arslan.... Malek Shah....*  
*....Soliman....—P. 116, 117.*

Alp Arslan, or the Valiant Lion, was one of the most powerful monarchs of the Seljukian (Turkish) dynasty. He was buried at Maru; and, according to Gibbon, had these words inscribed over his tomb:—"O ye, who have seen the glory of Alp Arslan exalted to the Heavens, repair to Maru, and you will behold it buried in the dust!" His son, Malek Shah, (in the stately phraseology of the same historian,) extended his astonishing conquests, until Cashgar, a Tartar kingdom on the borders of China, submitted to his sway—which swept from the mountains of Georgia to the walls of Constantinople, the holy city of Jerusalem, and the spicy groves of Arabia Felix. Soliman, one of the princes of his family, was the immediate founder of the Ottoman Empire.

#### CHARLES-EDWARD AFTER CULLODEN.

*.... each far sail that gildeth white*  
*He deems is nearing—nearing yet—*  
*Freighted with friendly hosts for him.—P. 129.*

"It gave him a great deal of pleasure to look to the ships that passed in the Channel every day, which he flattered himself to be French, though they were really some of the English fleet sent hither to guard the coast."—*MS. Journal, quoted in the text.*

*Say, ye pert Aspirants of Art,*  
*How many a year of madd'ning mood*  
*It took to blunt that soul.—P. 130.*

"Neither old age, nor royal birth, nor misfortune itself, could protect him from the impertinence of some travellers, who, catching him in his fallen state, unfairly described the prince when he had ceased to be a man."—*FORSYTH.*

## DEATH-CHANT FOR THE SULTAN.

I cannot help thinking that the late Sultan Mahmoud was one of the greatest men of the present age, fertile though it has been in extraordinary persons. In truth it would require the most intimate knowledge of the Ottoman Empire, religious as well as political, and of the immense difficulties that lay in his path, to fully appreciate the character of the clear-sighted Man, who, surrounded as he was by knaves and traitors, could for so many years, steadily and unflinchingly, pursue those plans of reform which his vigorous and grasping intellect projected for the amelioration of his country. His suppression of the capricious and intolerable power of the Janizaries, which had been equally disastrous to the throne and the people ;—his perseverance in adopting the European system of tactics for his army, he himself setting the example by serving at the drill with his recruits ;—the proscription of the old cumbrous military costume for modern uniform ;—the abolition of the practice of mutilating prisoners ;—the creation of Orders of Merit ;—his establishment of the Printing-press ;—his encouragement of the Arts, especially of Architecture and (in the face of the Koran) of Painting ;—his toleration of other religions, and grant of ground to the Armenians, &c., for churches ;—his introduction of European habits and refinements at table ;—the use of carriages, &c., &c.—these are only a few of the benefits the Sultan Mahmoud conferred upon his people. But he lived too late. Even had his life been twice as long, his utmost skill would have failed to infuse vigour into the incurable decrepitude of Ottoman institutions. It is pleasant to think that he died ignorant of the annihilation of his army by his rebel Viceroy on the plains of Nekshib.

*When he swept the Janissars*

*As stubble from earth.*—P. 137.

In the final suppression of the Janissaries in 1823, it is computed that 20,000 of those insolent mercenaries were put to the sword or sent into exile.

.... *Ghazi Sultaun*.—P. 139.

*The Victorious Sultan*—one of his many titles.—See *Sir Grenville Temple's Travels*.

### LINES UPON LETTERS.

*The curse "in suing long to bide."*—P. 142.

"Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,  
What hell it is in suing long to byde," &c.—SPENCER.

*No brief epistles need we pen  
Subscribed "Impransus."*—P. 144.

"I am, Sir, yours, *Impransus*, SAMUEL JOHNSON"—the expressive signature to one of Johnson's letters (during his early struggles) to Cave.—See *Boswell's Life*, edited by the Right Hon. JOHN WILSON CROKER, vol. i. p. 107.

### STANZAS.

.... in vain

*May the thirsting heart pant for their musical rain.*—P. 146.

"From thy presence showers a rain of melody."—SHELLEY.

### TO AN EMIGRANT LADY.

*Or be the Hebrew Ruler's doubt  
Proved groundless to my soul.*—P. 154.

St. John, chap. iii., ver. 4.

## ODE ON THE CEREMONIAL AT WINDSOR.

*Towers and trees of holy song.*—P. 158.

Vide Gray's *Ode to Eton*, and Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

*The dusky slope of that immortal field.*—P. 159.

Runnimead, within sight of Windsor.

... *The dazzled eyes*

*Of Him who dares to grasp the Lyre, &c.*—P. 162.

*Dum relego scripsisse pudet* ; and some peevish critic may here exclaim

“ . . . Must that lyre so long divine

Degenerate into hands like thine ? ”

The glorious names of Spenser and Dryden are to be found in the ill-assorted list of those who, from Chaucer to Southey, filled the office of Laureate. Nor should Warton be forgotten, to the sounding energy and spirit of whose melodious versification we are indebted for much that is noble in the poetry of his admirer, Sir Walter Scott.

*Worthy his Sire's great fathers.*—P. 163.

Among the protectors of Luther it has been stated that the ancestors of Prince Albert were conspicuous.

*Whose fate we saw so lately dart*

*Its shafted moral to thy heart.*—P. 165.

“ On the Warder coming to the curiously-wrought suit of armour presented to Charles I. by the City of London, and informing him of the original possessor, the King *shook his head*, apparently reminded of the deplorable fate of that unfortunate monarch.”—STANDARD NEWSPAPER : *Visit of the King of Prussia to the Tower*.

## FANCIES ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

... *thy calm soul and cloudless brow*  
*That never shook or shrank till now.*—P. 171.

"Before the council he still displayed the same intrepid firmness, mixed even with scorn and disdain, refusing to discover his accomplices, and showing no concern but for the failure of the enterprise."—HUME.

Yet the historian, almost in a breath, ascribes to the conspirator conduct very inconsistent with this characteristic account. But how far any reliance is to be placed on expressions wrung forth by the gentle examination of the rack and screw, appeared to form no part of Hume's inquiry.

[This harmless, though perhaps exaggerated effusion, which appeared first in the *Globe* newspaper a few years ago, anonymously, was the cause of some amusing articles in the *Times* and *Standard* journals at the time, and of a very clever, though bitter parody, in the *Age*. As I am on the subject, it may not be uninteresting to mention that those verses, I believe, first suggested to Mr. Harrison Ainsworth the idea of his ingenious romance of *Guy Fawkes*.]

## THE DISINTERMENT.

... *Ye chained Prometheus to his rock.*—P. 177.

"Hear, hear Prometheus from his rock appeal  
To air, earth, ocean; all who felt or feel  
His power and glory; all who yet shall hear  
A name eternal as the rolling year.

LORD BYRON, *Age of Bronze*.

## VIEW ON THE HUDSON.

.... Since he first explored,  
 With WILD, the vast and shadowy recesses  
 Of their grand woods and verdant wildernesses.—P. 189.

“To describe all the grand and beautiful prospects presented to the view on passing along this noble river, would be an endless task. All the various effects that can be supposed to arise from a happy combination of wood and water, of hill and dale, are here seen in the greatest perfection. In some places the river expands to the breadth of five or six miles, in others it narrows to that of a few hundred yards,” &c.—*Travels in America, 1796-7, by Isaac Weld.*

Here, year on year, through yonder Heaven of blue,  
 The bomb's hot wrath its rending volleys threw, &c.—P. 190.

The view that suggested the verses was taken from West Point, a station fifty miles up the river from New York. Close by is Fort Putnam, an impregnable post of the Americans for eight years, during the war of independence.—See *Buckingham's America.*

## TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF XENOPHON.

I shall here briefly observe, (what I am aware for the generality of readers is unnecessary,) that the allusions in the text are true to the life of Xenophon, and have reference principally to the glimpses of it which he has allowed to appear in the *Anabasis*. Upon the contested point as to his age at the period of the Expedition, I have not hesitated to adopt the opinion of those who consider him to have been a very young man (not more than three or four and twenty) at that time; though I think that, amongst their reasons for supposing so, they have omitted one which with me has had much weight, namely, the anxiety

with which Xenophon consulted the opinion of his beloved master Socrates as to the propriety of his going up with Cyrus—a submission not very reconcilable with the mature age that some would assign to him. Add to this, that the bosom friend and companion who induced him to join the Expedition, Proxenus, was but thirty himself at the time of his death.

The severest disasters that befel the Retreat were encountered in the country of the Carduchians, a mountain people of Armenia.

It was in his lovely retirement at Scilus, (in the district of Elia, and two miles from Olympia,) close to the hunting-grounds of Pholoe, which he purchased with that tenth of the spoils he had dedicated to Diana, and where most of the latter part of his life was passed, that Xenophon wrote the *Anabasis*, as well as his *History*, *Memorabilia of Socrates*, *Panegyric on Agesilaus*, &c.

*Tumbled the crag, the missile granite slung.*—P. 192.

We may form a pretty good notion of what military men would call the “effective force” of the Barbarian slingers, when we hear that at each flight more than ten cart-loads of stones were discharged—*πλέον ἢ δεκα ἑμαζαι πετρων ἀηλισκοῦτο*.

*The Mail-armed Men.*—P. 194.

The structure of the verse will allow me to offer no better translation of the word *ὤπλιται*—(*heavy-armed men*)—the division of the army Xenophon usually commanded. In addition to spears, swords, and long shields, the *ὤπλιται* wore corselets and helmets of brass.

### SONG OF A RETURNED EXILE.

*Blue Corrin* . . . —P. 203.

The picturesque mountain of Corrin, (properly Cairn-thierna, i. e. the Thane or Lord's cairn,) is the termination of a long range of hills

which encloses the valley of the Blackwater and Funcheon, (the Avonduff and Fanshin of Spenser,) in the county of Cork, and forms a striking feature of scenery, remarkable for pastoral beauty and romance.

*Wild haunt of the Harper !—P. 207.*

One of the most beautiful bends of the Funcheon is taken through the demesne of Moorepark, near Kilworth, close to a natural grotto or cavern, called from time immemorial the cave of Thiag-na-filea (Tim or Teague the Bard).

*And find the sole blessing I seek for—Repose.—P. 208.*

“Some of the epitaphs at Ferrara pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna. For instance, ‘*Martini Luighi implora pace.*’ Can anything be more full of pathos ! These few words say all that can be said or sought ; the dead had had enough of life—all they wanted was rest, and this they *implore.*”—LORD BYRON.

#### MOUNTAIN MEMORIES.

*And shed a deathless spell along*

*Each grove's sweet gloom in Psyche's song.—P. 216.*

This beautiful spot was occasionally the residence of Mrs. H. Tighe, the Author of *Psyche*.

#### ON A PICTURE OF MORNING.

*.... those bowers*

*Hymned by rude Bard where loveliest Castlehyde*

*Mirrors in dark-blue Avonduff its towers.—P. 224.*

The picturesque charms of Castlehyde on the Blackwater, county of

Cork, form the subject of a very old ballad well known in the vicinity of the scene it celebrates.

... where along  
*Each sylvan scene still floats the influence deep*  
*Of Spenser's loved imperishable song.*—P. 225.

The scenery alluded to in the verses that follow, lies within the valley of the Blackwater and Funcheon, rivers that (as I have before observed) have been sanctified in song by Spenser. The poet himself resided at Kilcoleman, some miles west of this locality; but the whole of those most beautiful and romantic scenes must have been familiar to so deep a lover of nature as Spenser.

*Beneath Clohlea whose topmost tower is burning, &c.*—P. 225.

The Castle of Clohlea or Cloughlea (i. e. gray stone) is boldly situated upon the Funcheon. It was held for Charles I. during the Civil War, and was reduced by the forces of the Commonwealth under Sir Charles Vavasour, who put the entire garrison to the sword.

#### STANZAS.

... the Stoic cold  
 ... at whose word ...  
*'Mid shuddering Nature's threats, in vain*  
*The Temple's stones were reared again.*—P. 232.

The Emperor Julian—called by Christian writers “The Apostate.” To disprove the prediction in the Gospel, he ordered the Temple at Jerusalem to be rebuilt, but, from some natural or miraculous cause, the design was defeated.

## KNOCMELEDOON.

*Lismore's sweet hamlet.*—P. 242.

One of the most picturesque villages in the south of Ireland, is Lismore, in the County of Waterford : it was once a place of the highest importance, when Ireland supplied light and learning to the rest of Europe. Its schools and colleges were renowned for the excellence of their discipline, and here it has been said King Alfred was educated. The cathedral is of great antiquity, but contains few monuments. The surrounding scenery is beautiful and impressive, and the Castle (which with the estate belongs to the Duke of Devonshire) seems, if we judge from the *Livre des Etrangers* kept there, to be a favourite object of inspection to tourists. I read, among many names, those of Sir W. Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, &c.

*There Newton's friend, the student Boyle, &c.*—P. 243.

The Hon. Robert Boyle, the philosopher ; and Congreve, the dramatist, were born at Lismore.

*Recoiled in horror from the flow  
Of the far tide that rolled below, &c.*—P. 224.

Upon King James II.'s visit to Ireland, he passed a short time at the castle of Lismore, from one of the windows of which he retired, it is said, in some confusion, upon perceiving the abruptness with which it projects on a lofty precipice, immediately above the river.

*The last of all that laureled train  
Whose songs' and sabres' light was poured  
Round Greece from age to age in vain.*—P. 246.

The Poets Æschylus, Sophocles, Tyrtæus, &c., and, in a late age, Riga, handled the Lance as effectively as the Lyre, and were foremost in that train of glorious protectors that, from time to time, arose in the defence of Grecian liberty, and finally closed with Lord Byron.

.... *the keen scoffing ruffian hordes*  
*That keep Epirus with their swords.*—P. 247.

This was written in 1832.

*And hail a Pilgrim's kindred shade*  
*Who here his earthly relics laid.*—P. 248.

On the summit of Knockmeleadoon the country people still point to an insignificant tumulus as the spot beneath which the remains of a *celebrated sportsman*, whom they designate Major Eels, are deposited, with his gun and dog. So much for "popular fallacies."

Henry Eels published many Papers upon Electricity. In his principal work, which appeared in the form of Letters from Lismore, and was printed in Dublin in 1771, he claims the credit of discovering the identity of electricity and lightning. He most probably chose his singular burial-place on the mountain in question, from its having been, doubtless, the scene of his favourite electrical experiments.—See *Mith's and Ryland's County Histories*.

#### TO A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

*Thus not a charm of thine shall die,*  
*Thy painted people vow.*—P. 252.

"Queen lilies, and *ye painted populace*  
*That live in fields and lead ambrosial lives.*"

YOUNG.

THE END.

LONDON :

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



1

2

3

4

5

6

BOUND BY  
H. NANT & EDMONDS  
LONDON

